MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 12 No. 2 60p

THE NUDE FROM 'JAWS'

THE GIRL WHO FINDS WET SEXY

CAMBRIDGE: HIGH DEGREES OF HUMOUR

CLOTHING DOWN: WE BARE A BOUTIQUE BOSS

THE LEGEND THAT WAS BROOKLANDS

STRIPPED: OUR SEXY WELSH UNDRESSER

THE SPORTING SMOOTHBORE

DOUBLE TOP: OUR DOLLIEST DARTIST

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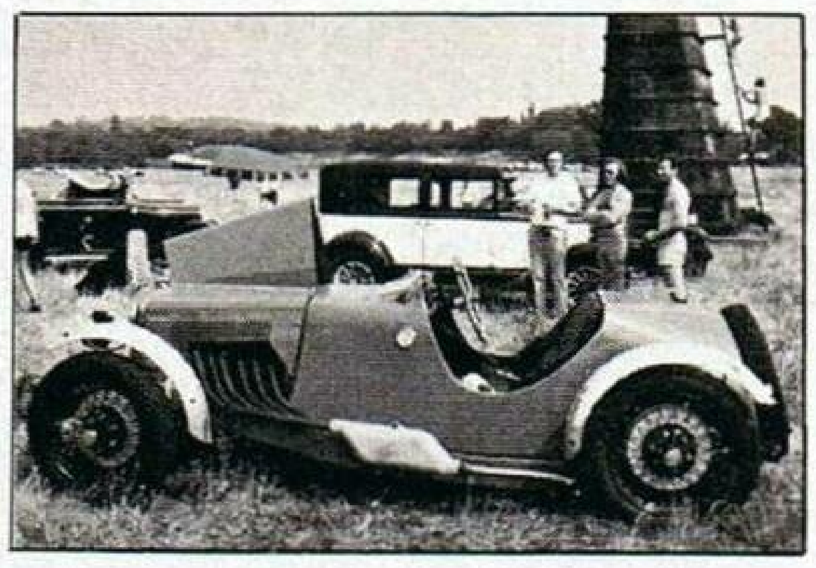

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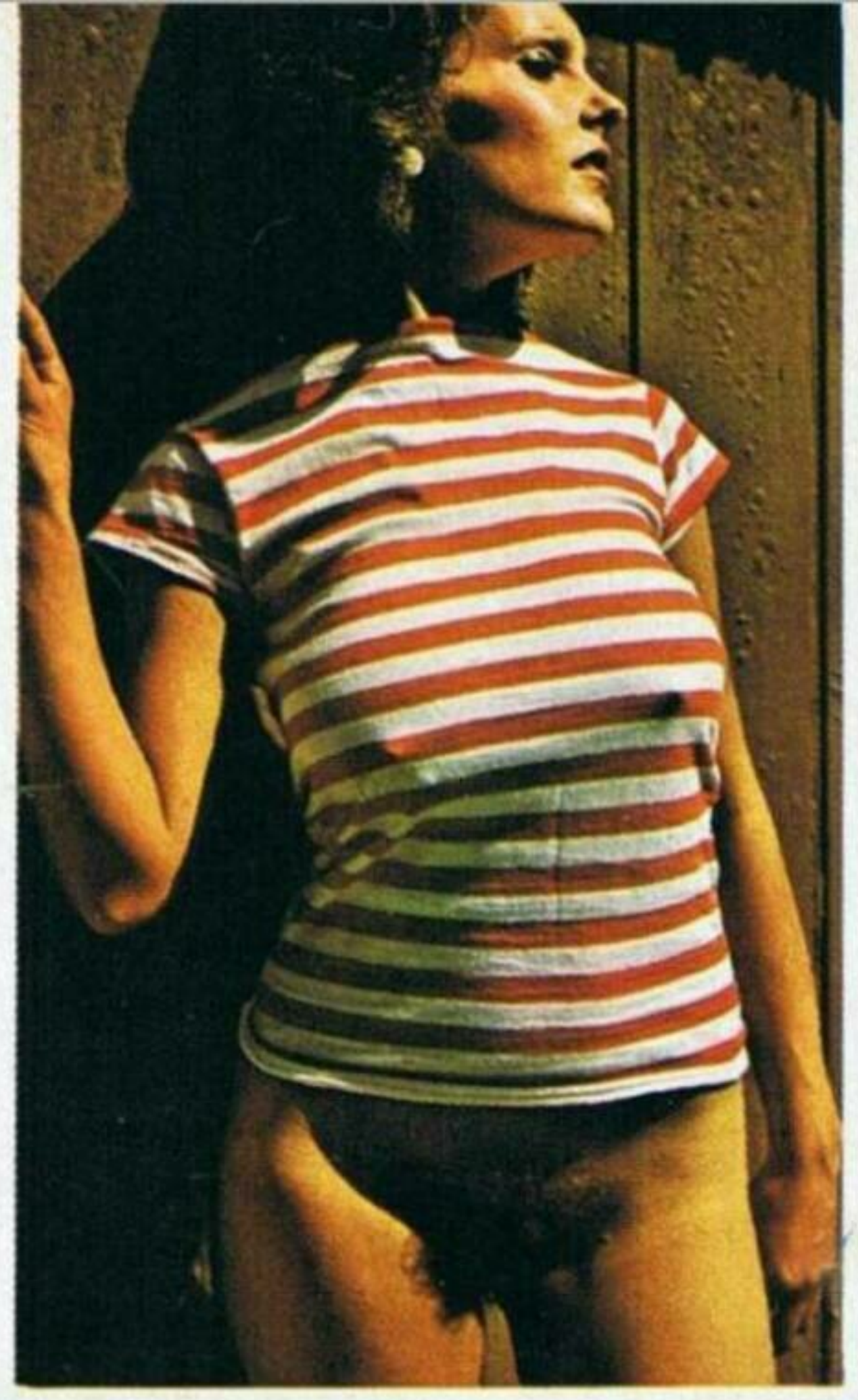
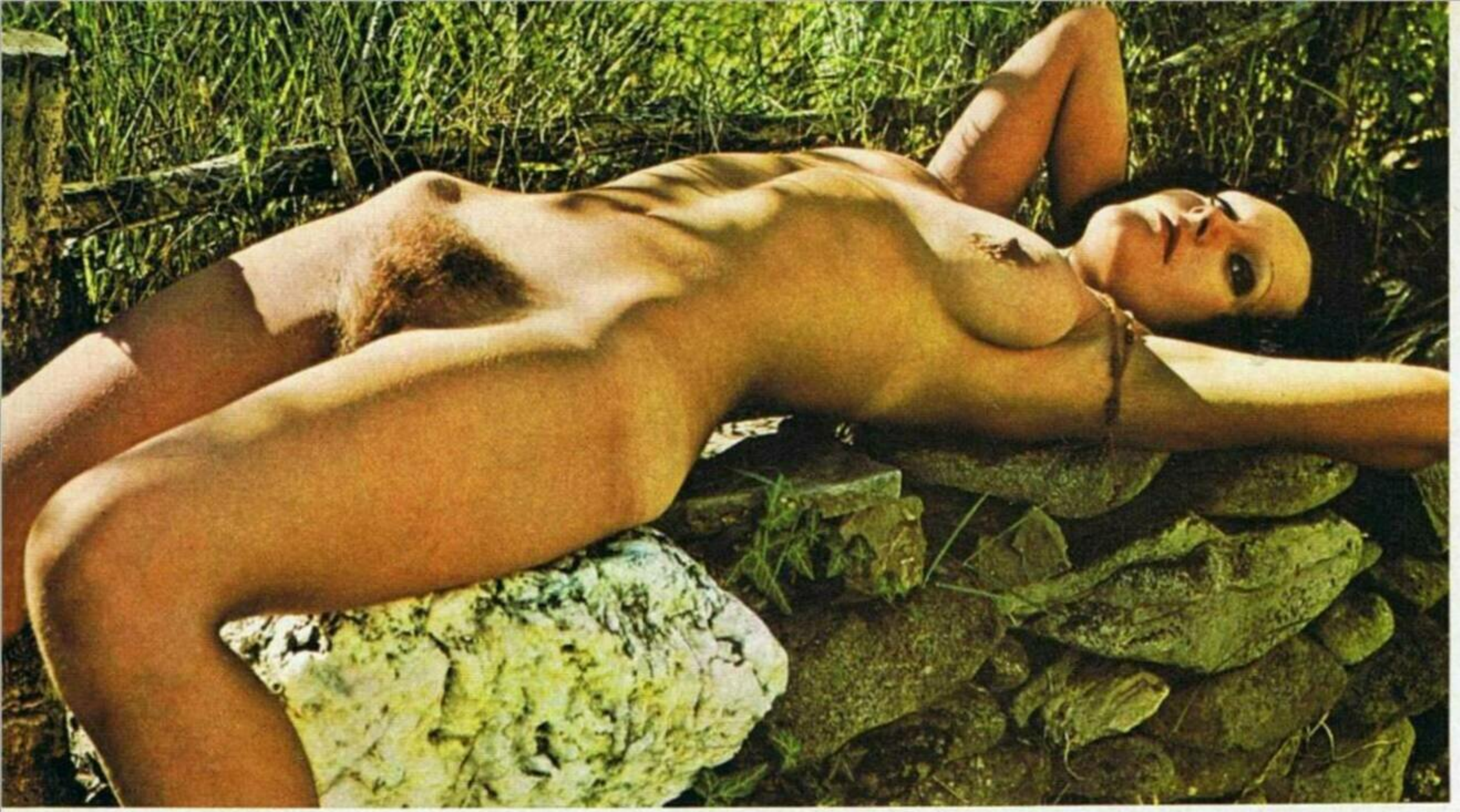
SHEILA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROGER PEARSON

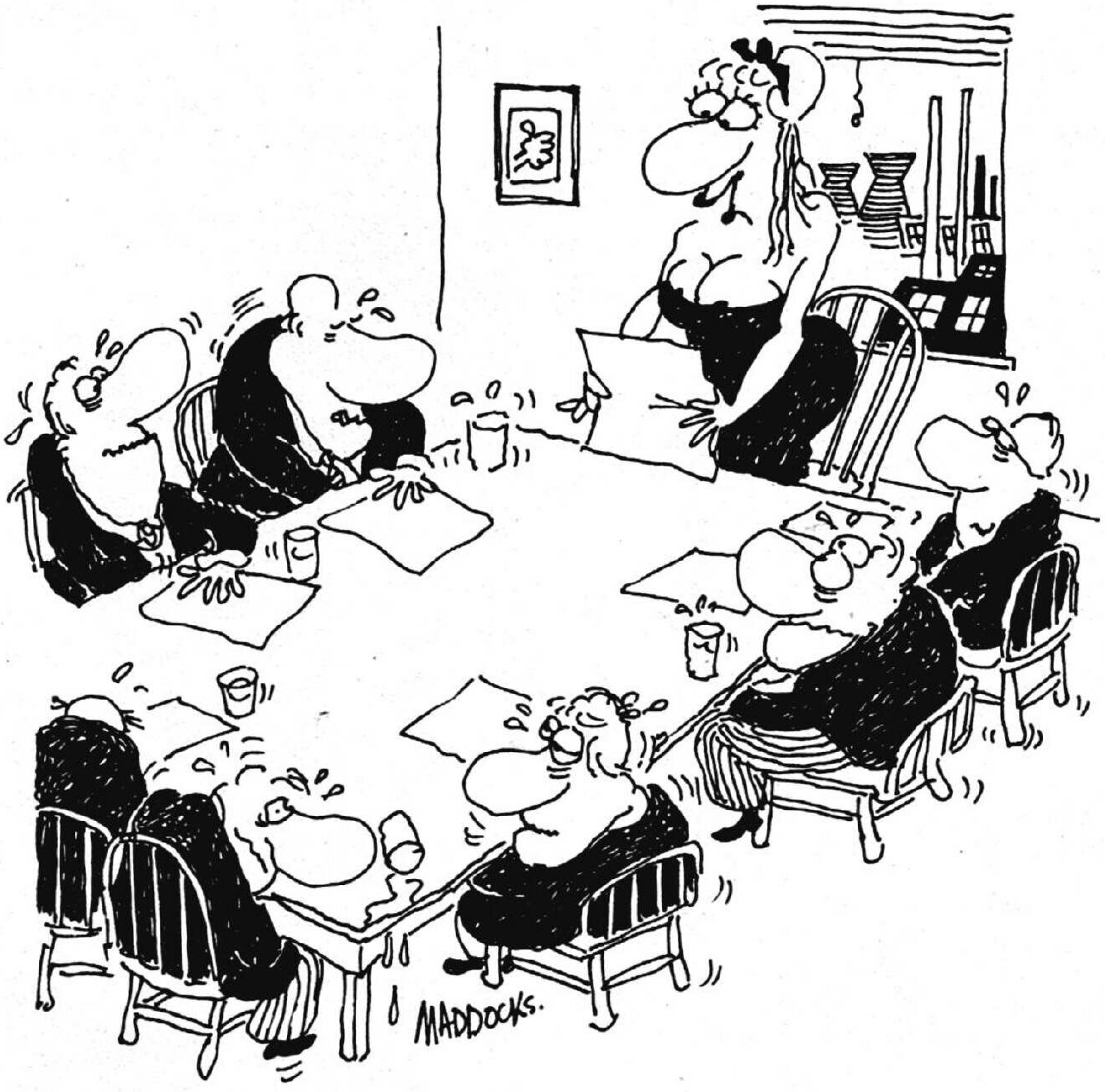


Should you ever find yourself in St Athan, which is near Barry in South Glamorgan, look out for a pub called *The Three Horseshoes,* wherein, if the gods are smiling upon you, you might be fortunate enough to bump into 20-year-old Sheila Hopkin. (To save you having to ask, she drinks Bacardi-and-Coke.) St Athan is the kind of place where the dropping of a pin sounds like an H-bomb explosion, but 35-22-35 Sheila is a confirmed devotee of the quiet country life. 'I feel rather lost in cities,' admits Sheila shyly. 'I only go occasionally to Cardiff and Swansea, both of which are quite nearby, and I've only been up to London twice in my



entire life – and one of those times was for my *Mayfair* test.' Sheila was born in Cardigan and went to the Cilgerran Primary School. On leaving at the age of 15, she worked for three years at the Lamb Hotel in Llan'dyfful, a town easier to spell than to pronounce.

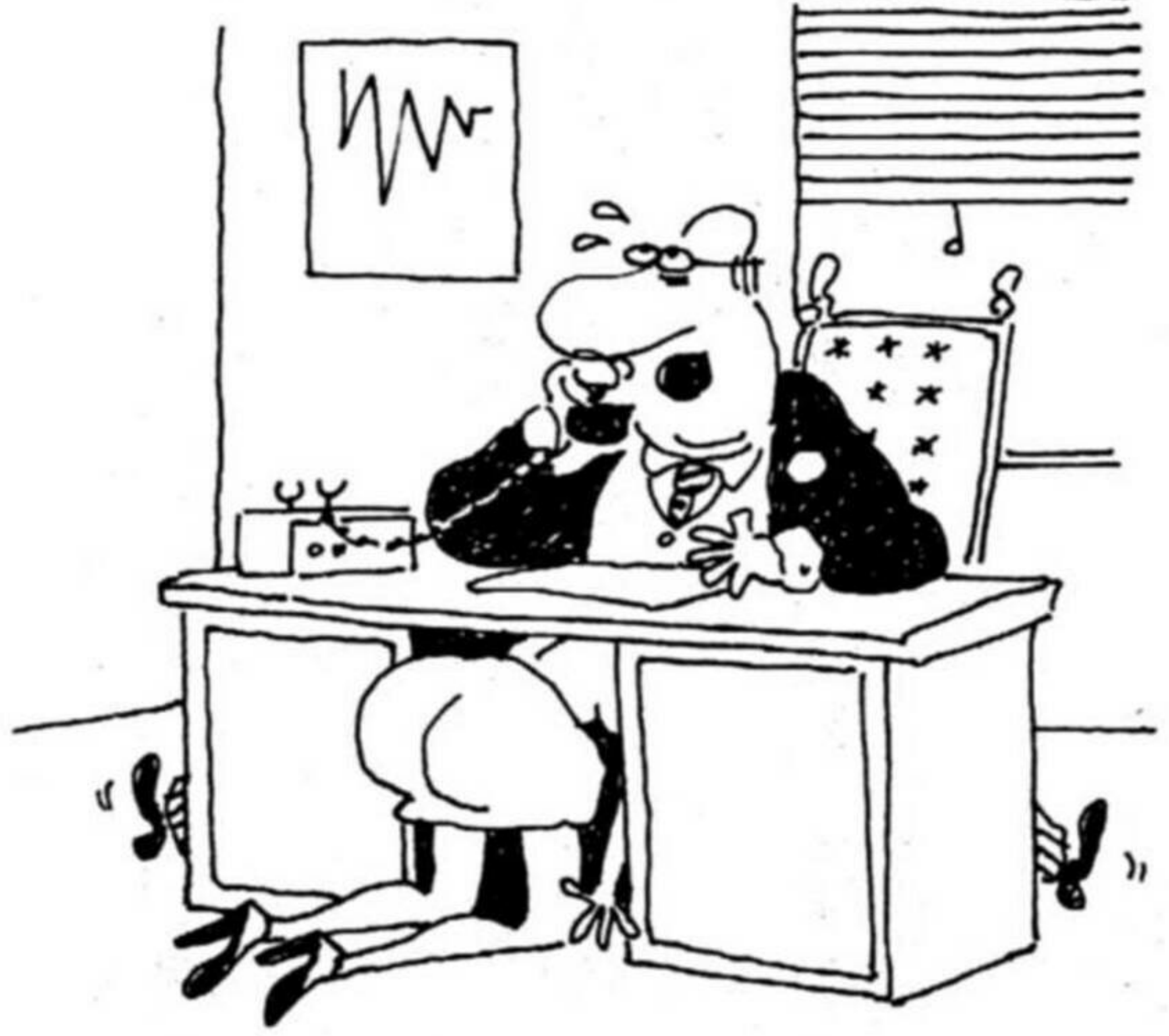
Not that that presents any problem to Sheila who speaks fluent Welsh. Free moments find her riding the Welsh ranges, or tripping the light fantastic at local Saturday night dances. 'My favourites are the G Band and the Rubettes,' says Sheila, 'and I like country and western.' Boogie anyone?



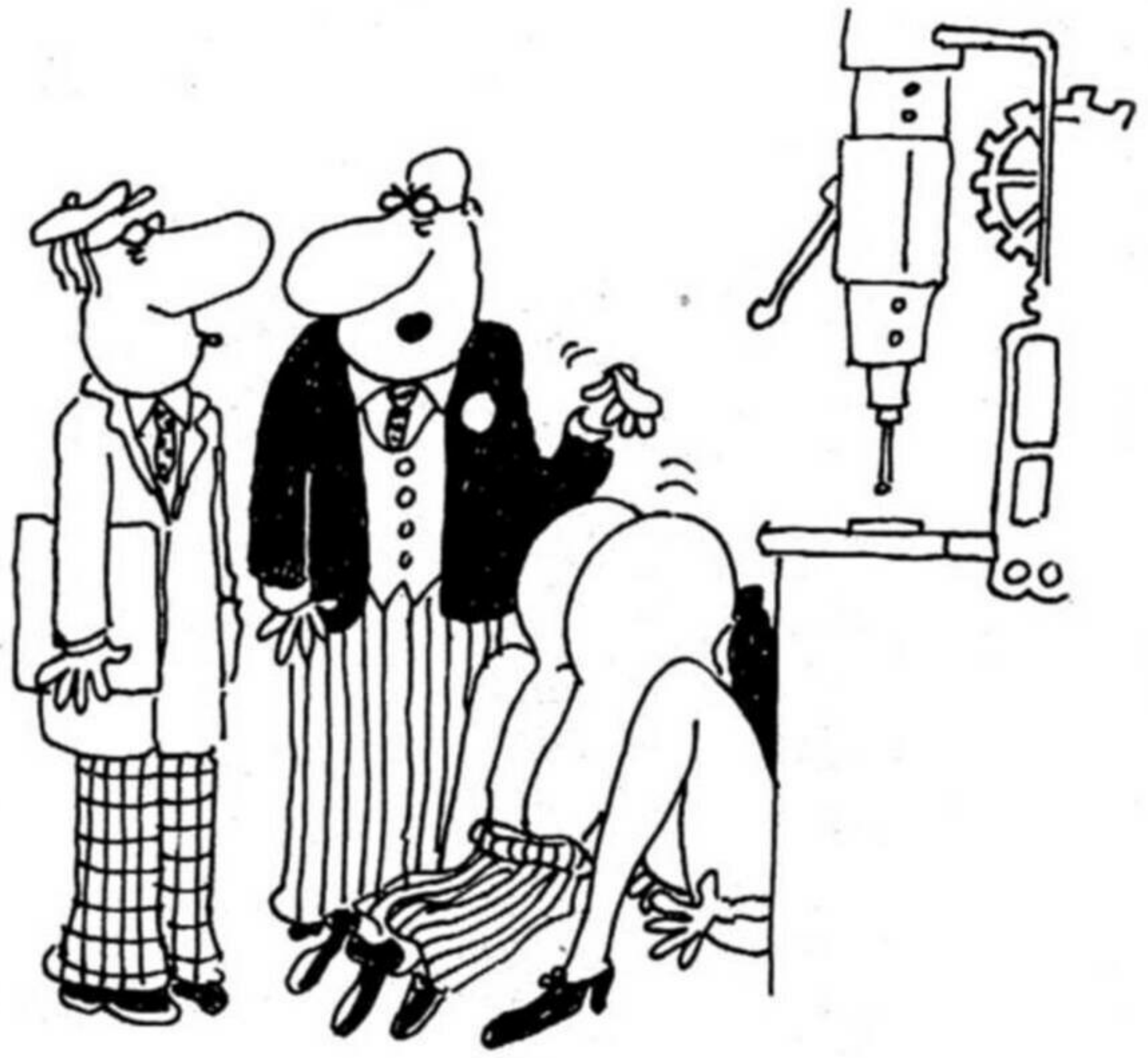
'And I will close my little talk to this branch meeting knowing that as brothers you will all pull together . . .'

UNITED WE STAND

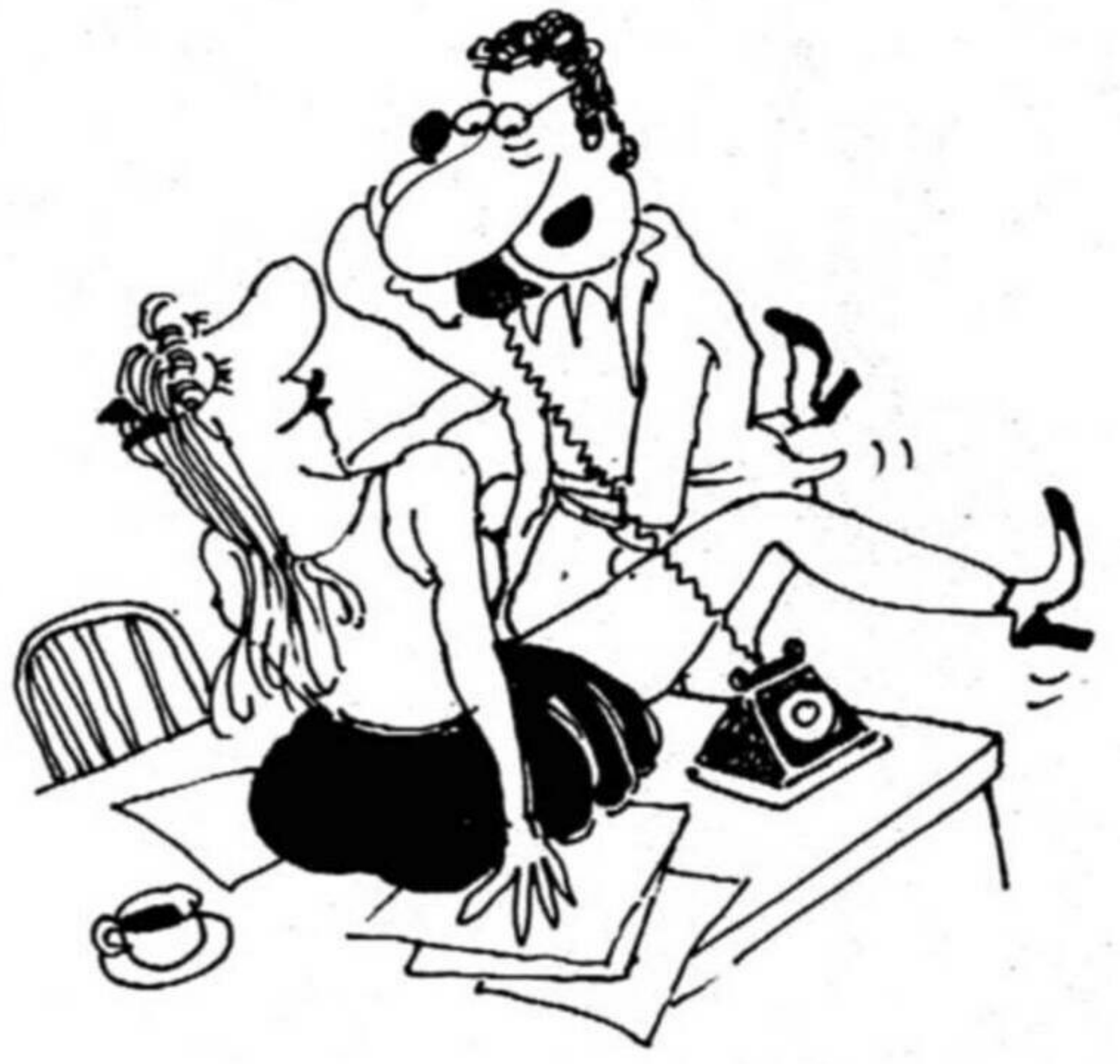
Trade unions have presented a staid, sex-less image to the world. Peter Maddocks wonders if in these permissive times this is still the case



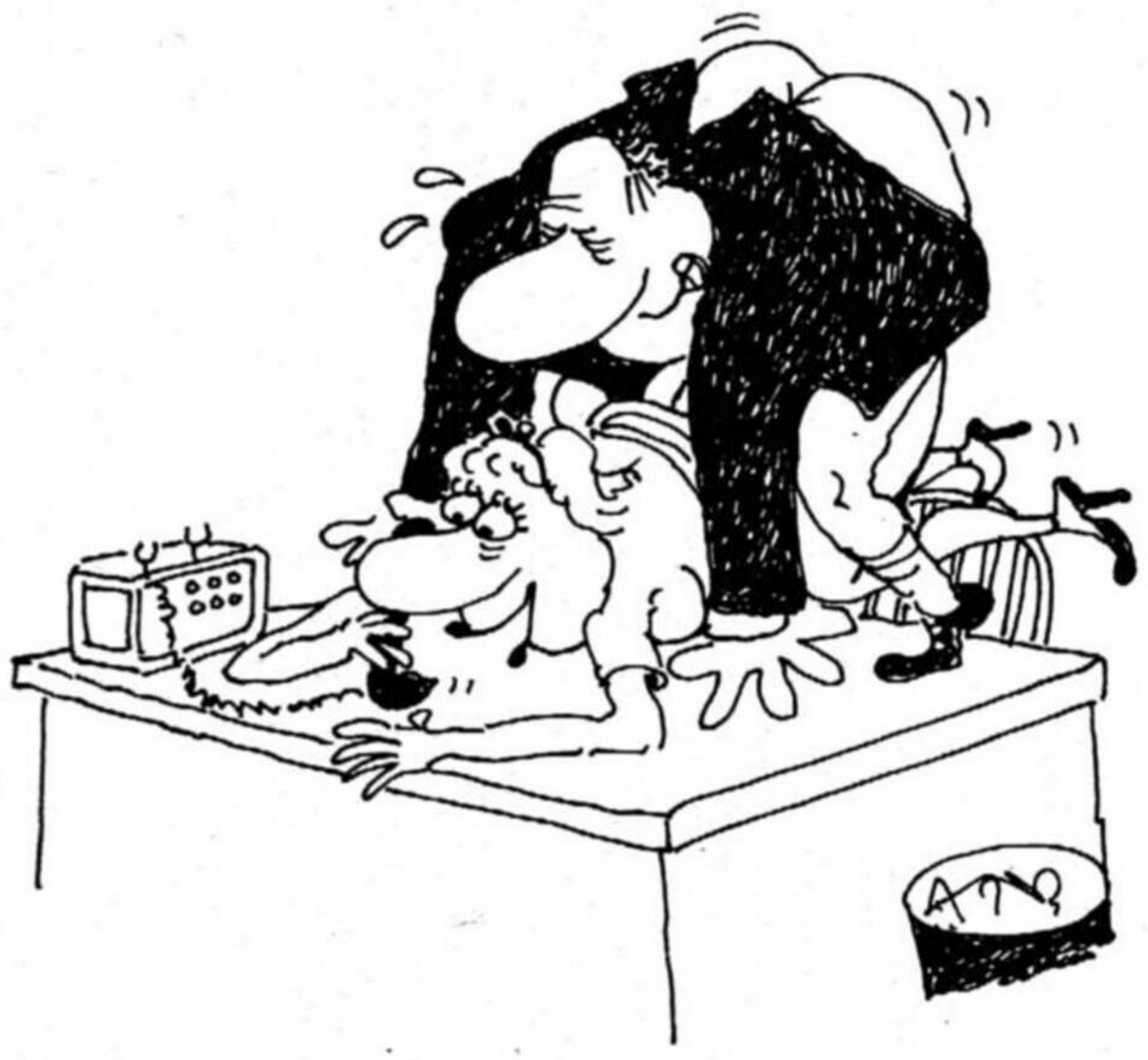
'I assure you, brother, we are all equal here – you'll find no sex discrimination in my office . . .'



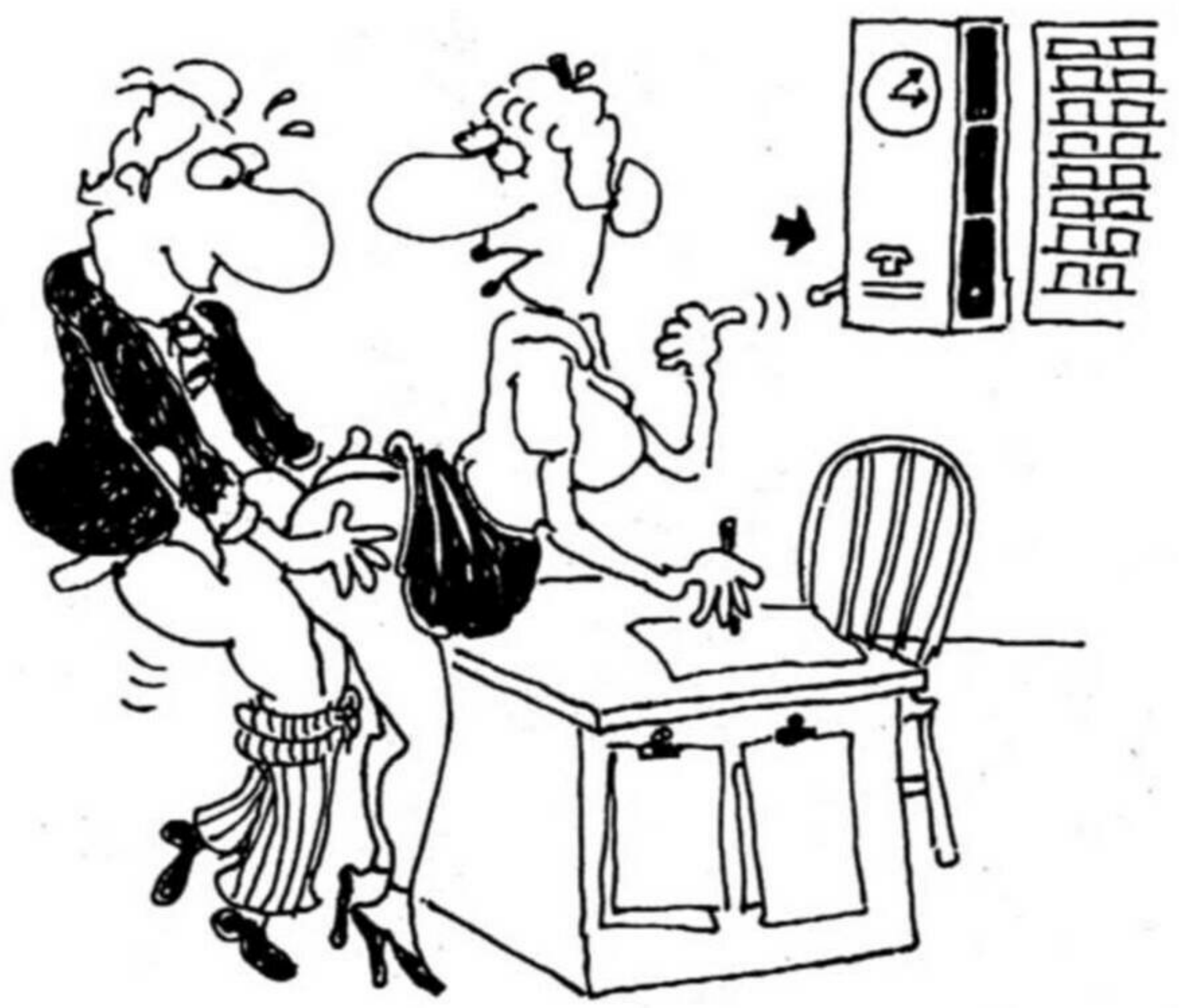
'Is that what you call giving the lad shop floor experience?'



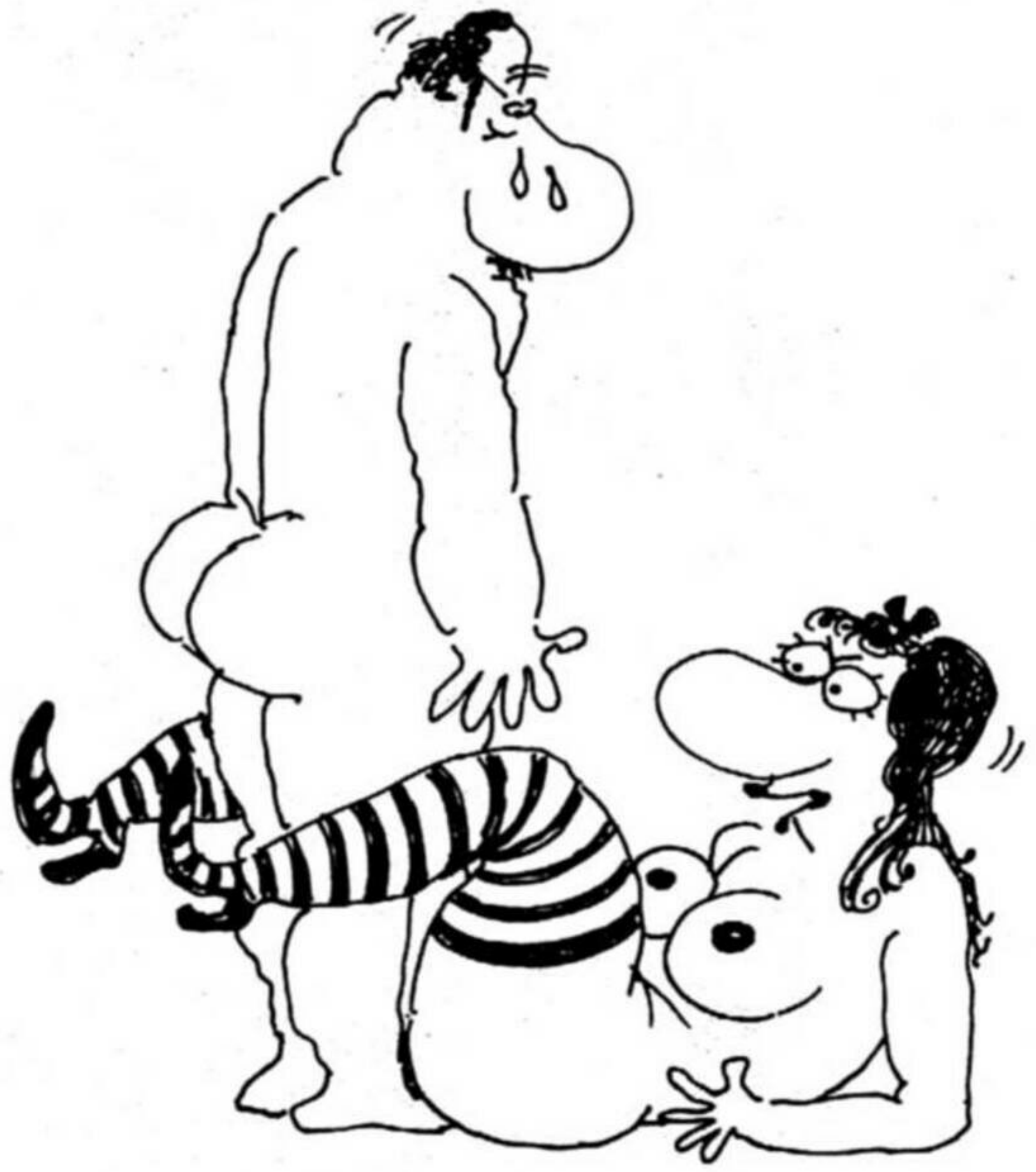
'I was about to put it to a member of the national executive committee when you rang.'



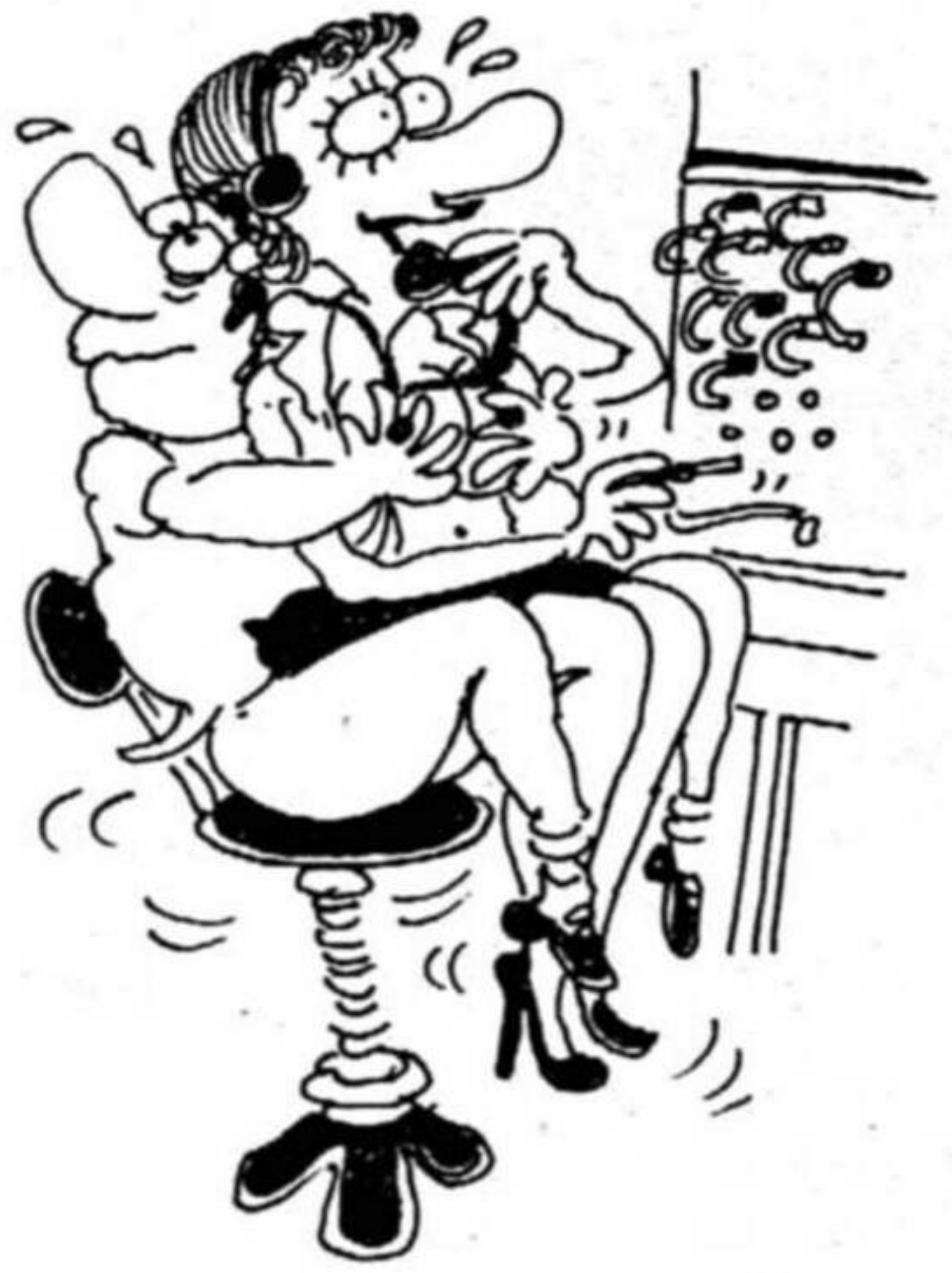
'Following some tough bargaining I have the full backing of the management.'



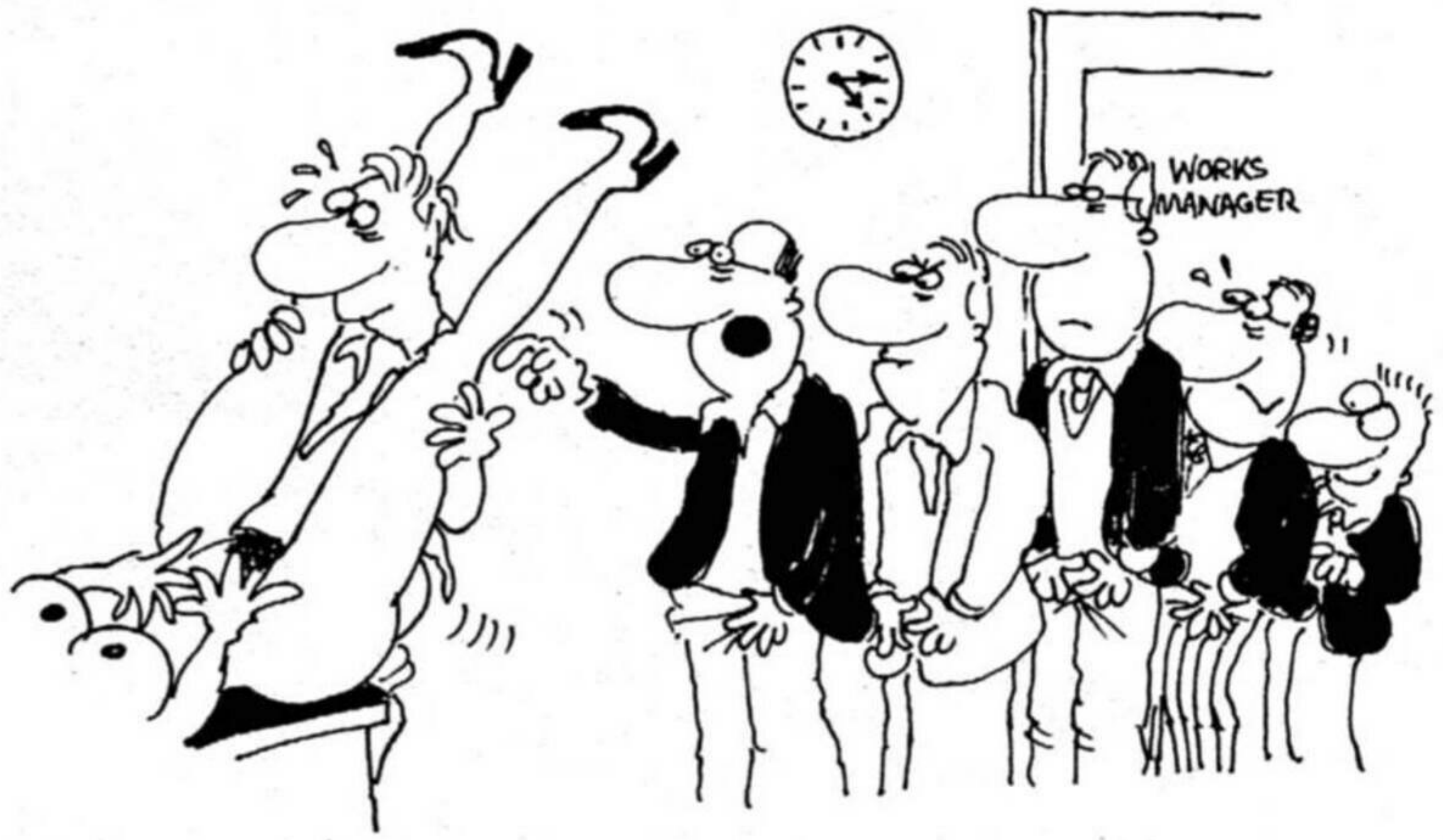
'Brother, I said clock in, not cock in . . .'



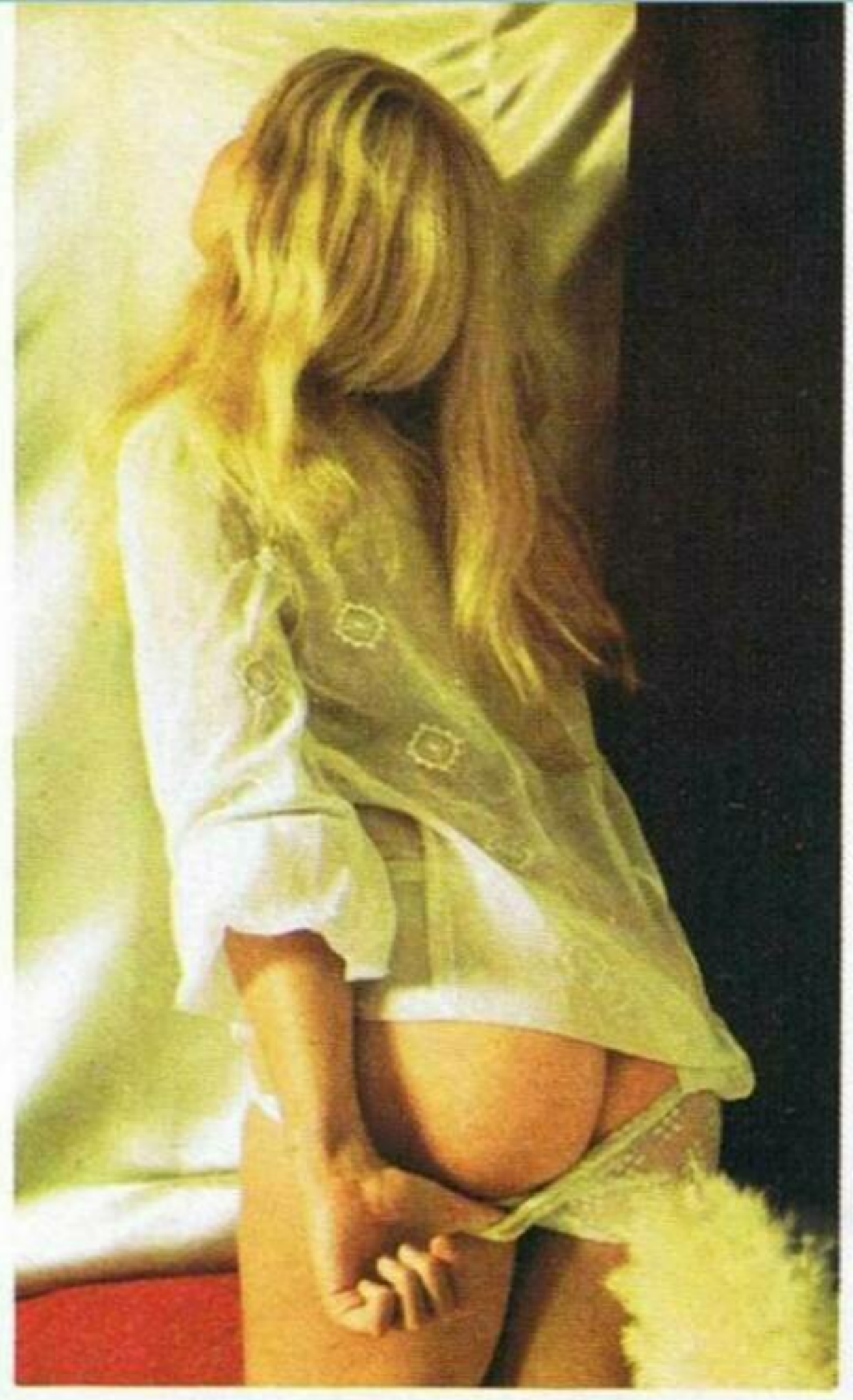
'Goodness gracious! You must be one of our lapsed members.'



'Shop steward?
I'm just calling to say I've got a
new member
coming any minute now.'



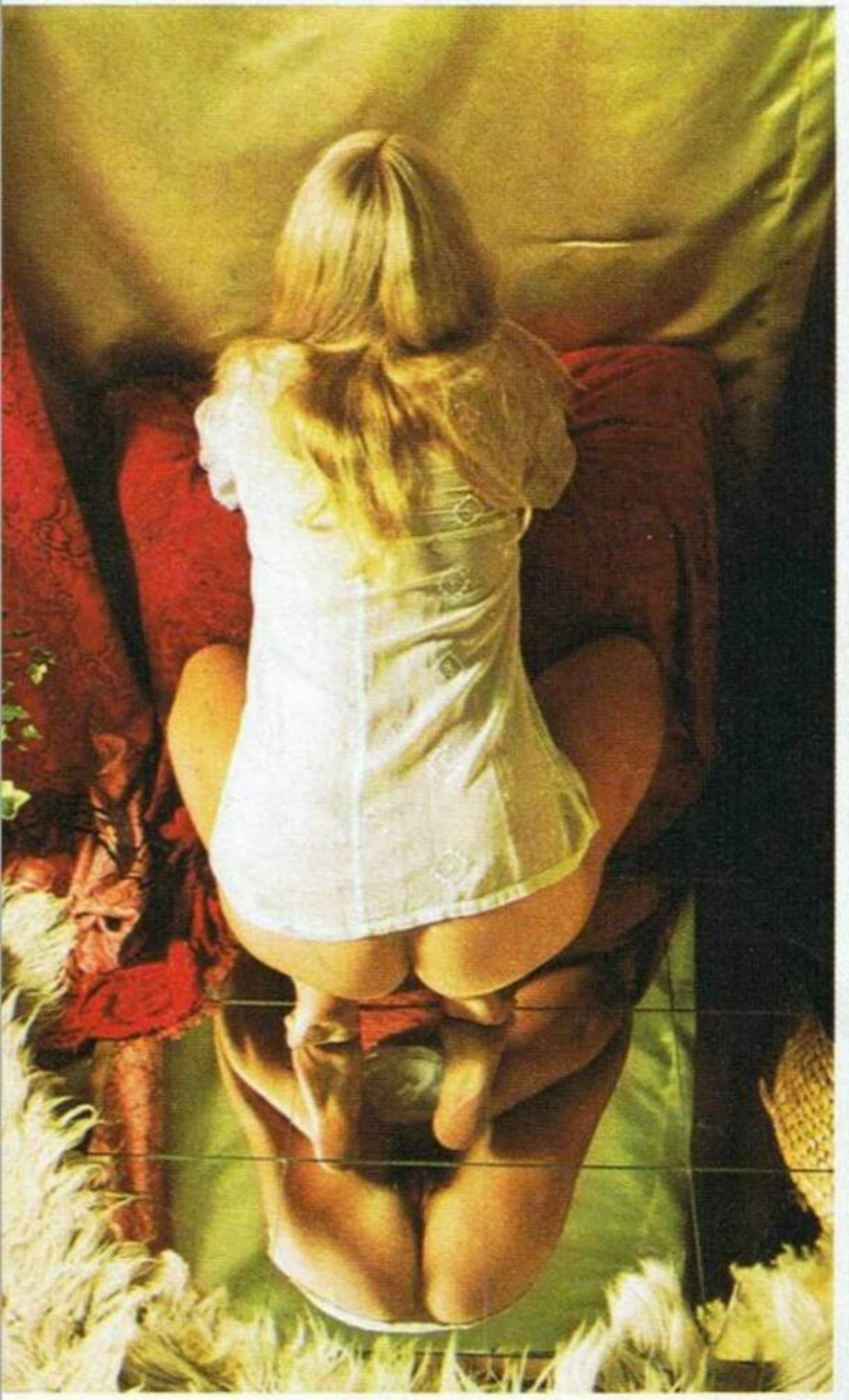
'Don't forget the overtime ban.'



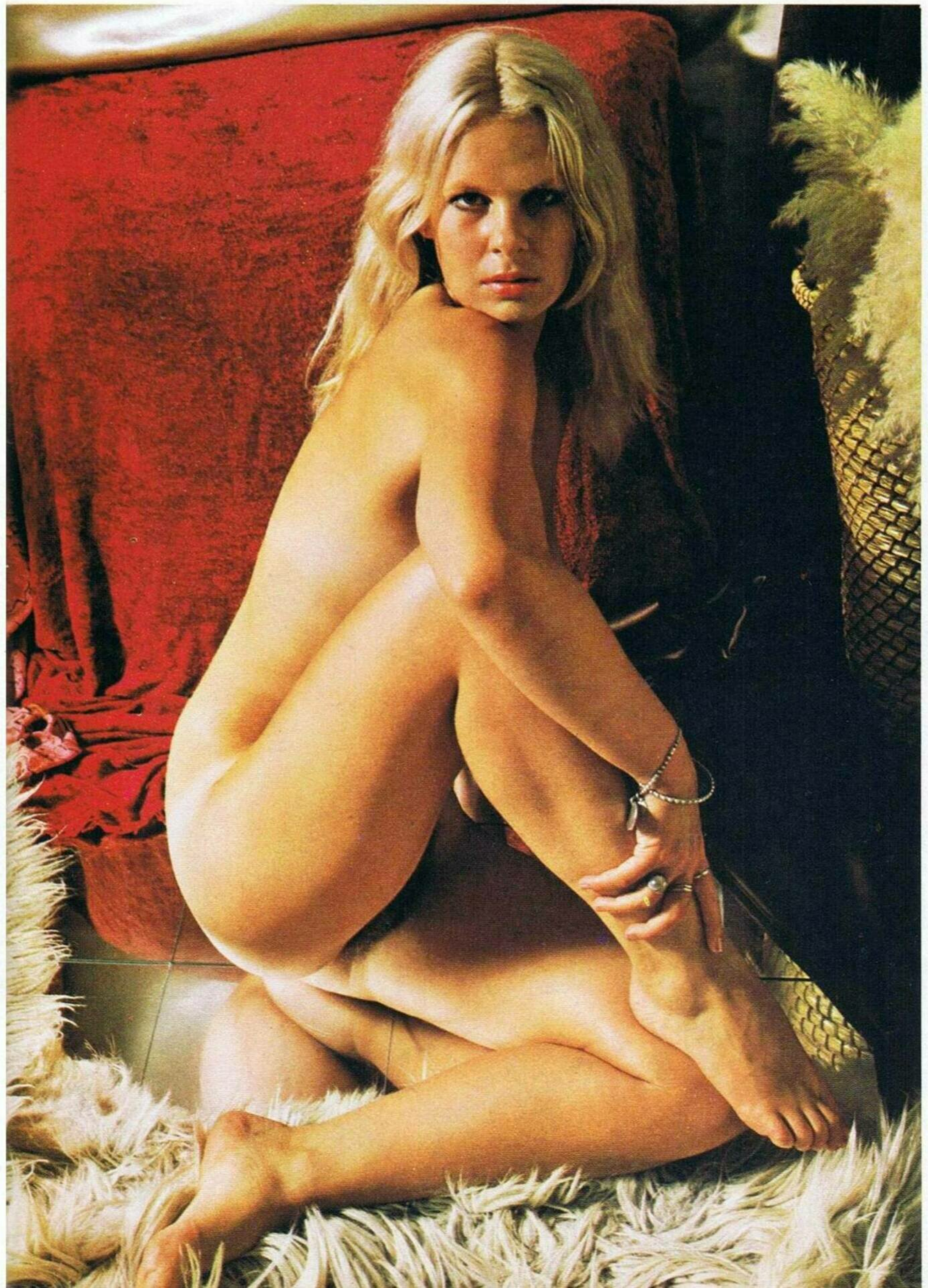
ALISON

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Now this is all rather complicated, so pay attention and concentrate. Ready? OK. Alison Lee comes from Leigh in Lancashire. No, that's not a new tongue-twister designed to test out your sobriety, but a simple statement of fact. Mark you, Alison Lee lives in Leigh no longer. She's moved a few miles east to Manchester where she now lives and helps to manage a rather trendy boutique within easy



lunching distance of the celebrated Sam's Chop House. 'I've always been on a great fashion kick,' maintains 23-year-old Alison, 'and managing a boutique seemed an ideal way of combining business with pleasure. I borrow clothes to wear when I go out too, so I'm a sort of walking advert for the shop. I'm a size 12, 36–24–36, so I never have any problem about things fitting.' To a T? 'To a T,' she agrees smiling, 'practical clothes, swinging clothes, sexy clothes, I wear 'em all.' Sexy? 'You can be sexy without necessarily being outrageous,' says Alison. 'I mean I'd never dream of wearing a topless dress and I'd think pretty hard about even wearing a see-through one. I reckon that something which gives the occasional flash



of stockinged thigh or clings to a braless boob like a second skin is much sexier. Implied eroticism – that's what I'm trying to describe. Funny really. Men tell me they prefer to see a girl in a one-piece swimsuit as opposed to a bikini. Same sort of reason I suppose: the more that's hidden, the more you wonder what's underneath.' And what's underneath Alison's outer garb? She smiles. 'At this exact moment, winter warmers – well I did say I wore practical stuff sometimes, didn't I? – but if you were to ask me the same question some other time, you might get a different answer.' She leans forward. 'Like a new range of sexy French undies we've just got in.' A wink. '*They* can make you as warm as toast too!'

LAST CHANCE FOR '77

MAYFAIR'S NEW COLOUR CALENDAR

Sensual Anna Esquivel, (above), is just one of the delectable dollies you won't be getting your hands on if you miss out on *Mayfair*'s fabulous colour calendar. This'll be your very last chance to order one as our stocks are nearly exhausted and this ad won't be appearing again. So just think what you might be missing – twelve full-colour pictures of some magnificent *Mayfair* maidens to brighten your year and get each day off to a sexy start. The cost of this bumper bundle? Just £1.35, which is fully inclusive of all postage and packaging costs. Can't be bad, can it? Grab a pen, fill out the coupon, (right), and pop it in the post. By return, your own personal *Mayfair* calendar will be despatched. Don't wait though, because time's short.

Mayfair's 1977 colour calendars cost £1·35 each, which includes first-class postage, and are sent to you packed flat and crease-free under plain cover. Send your order to: **Mayfair Calendar, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.** Print your order on plain paper if you don't wish to cut this page.

Please send me .... calendars at £1·35 each. I enclose a cheque/postal order for ....

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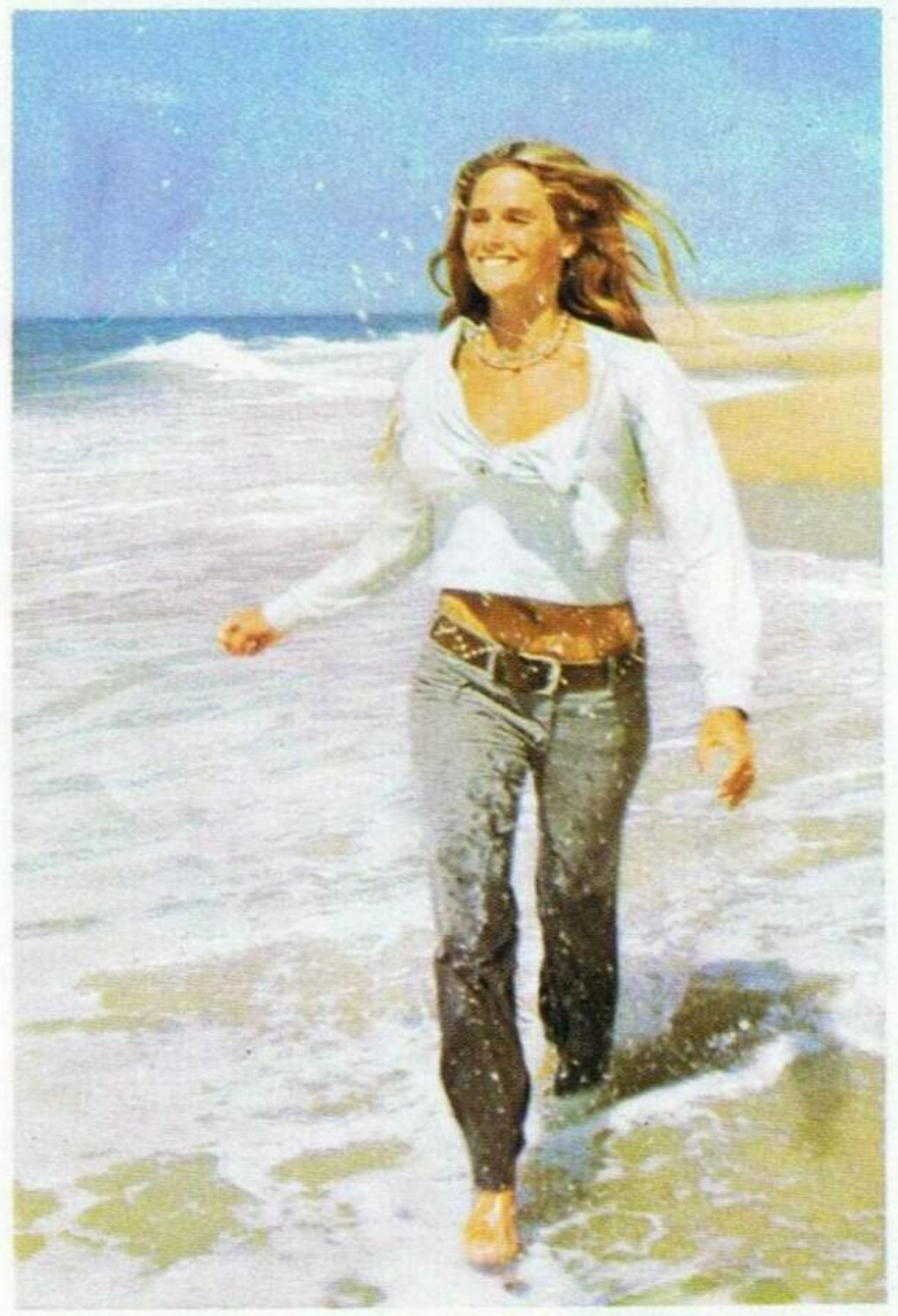
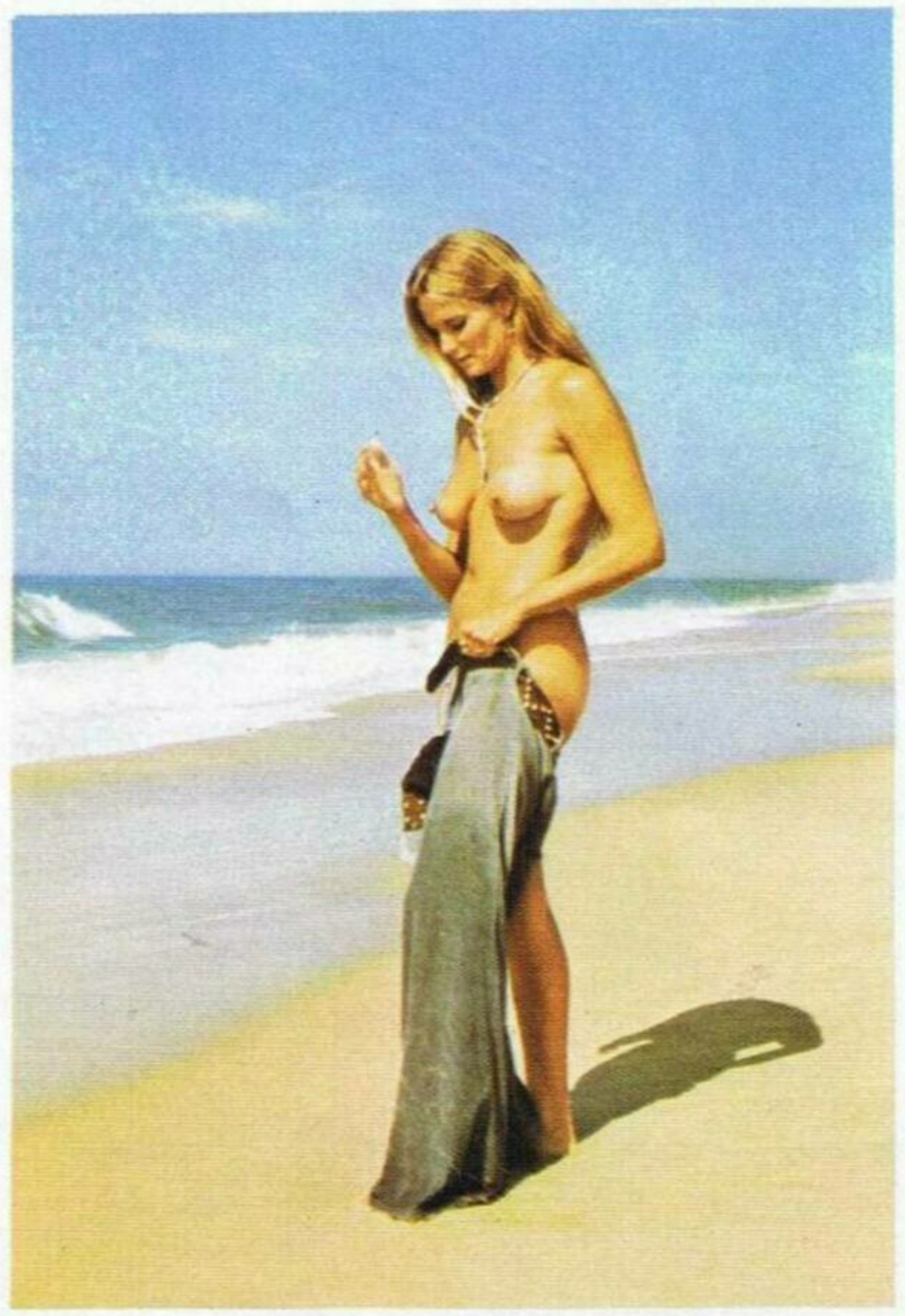
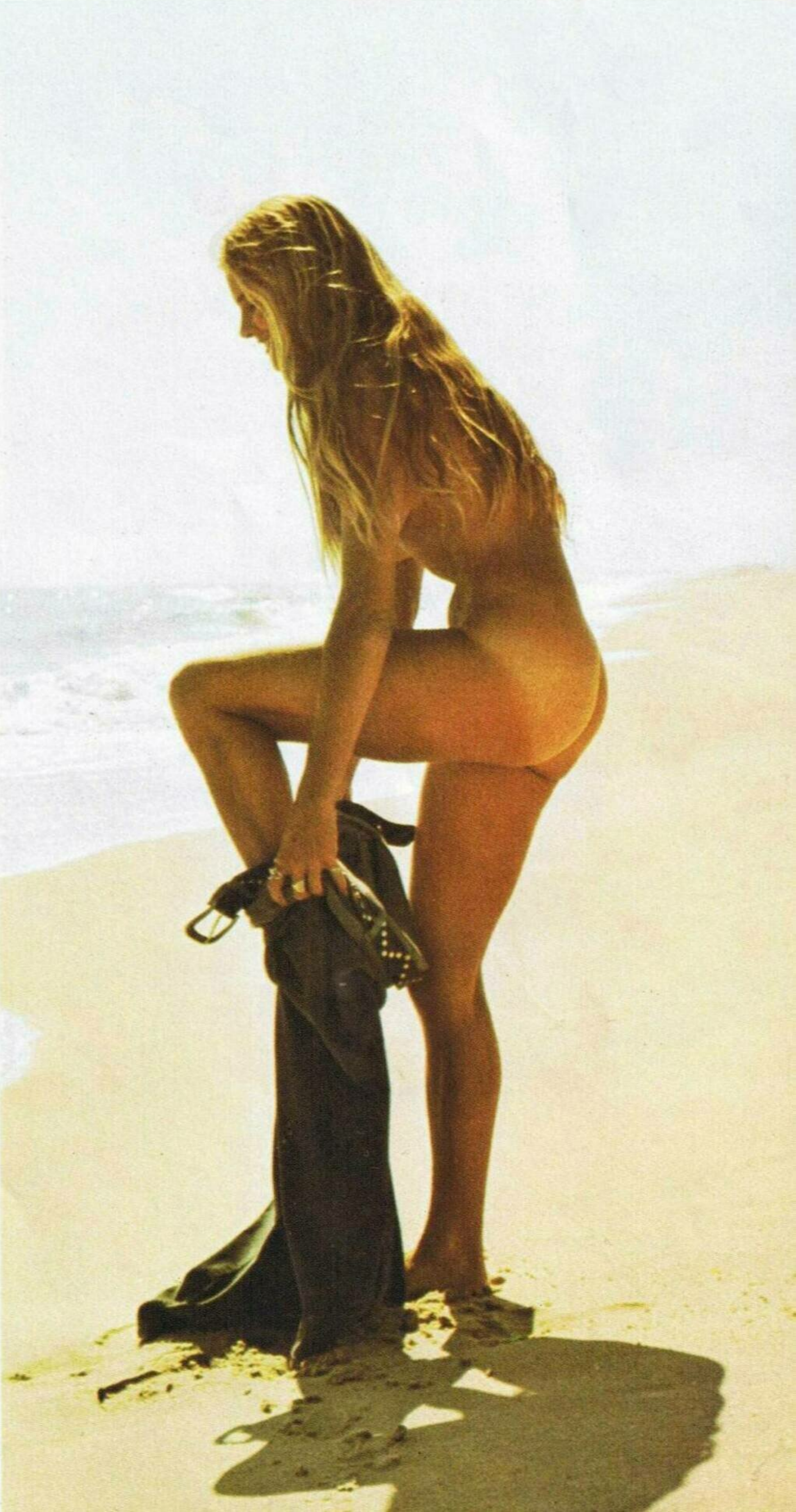
SUSAN BACKLINIE THE NUDE FROM 'JAWS'

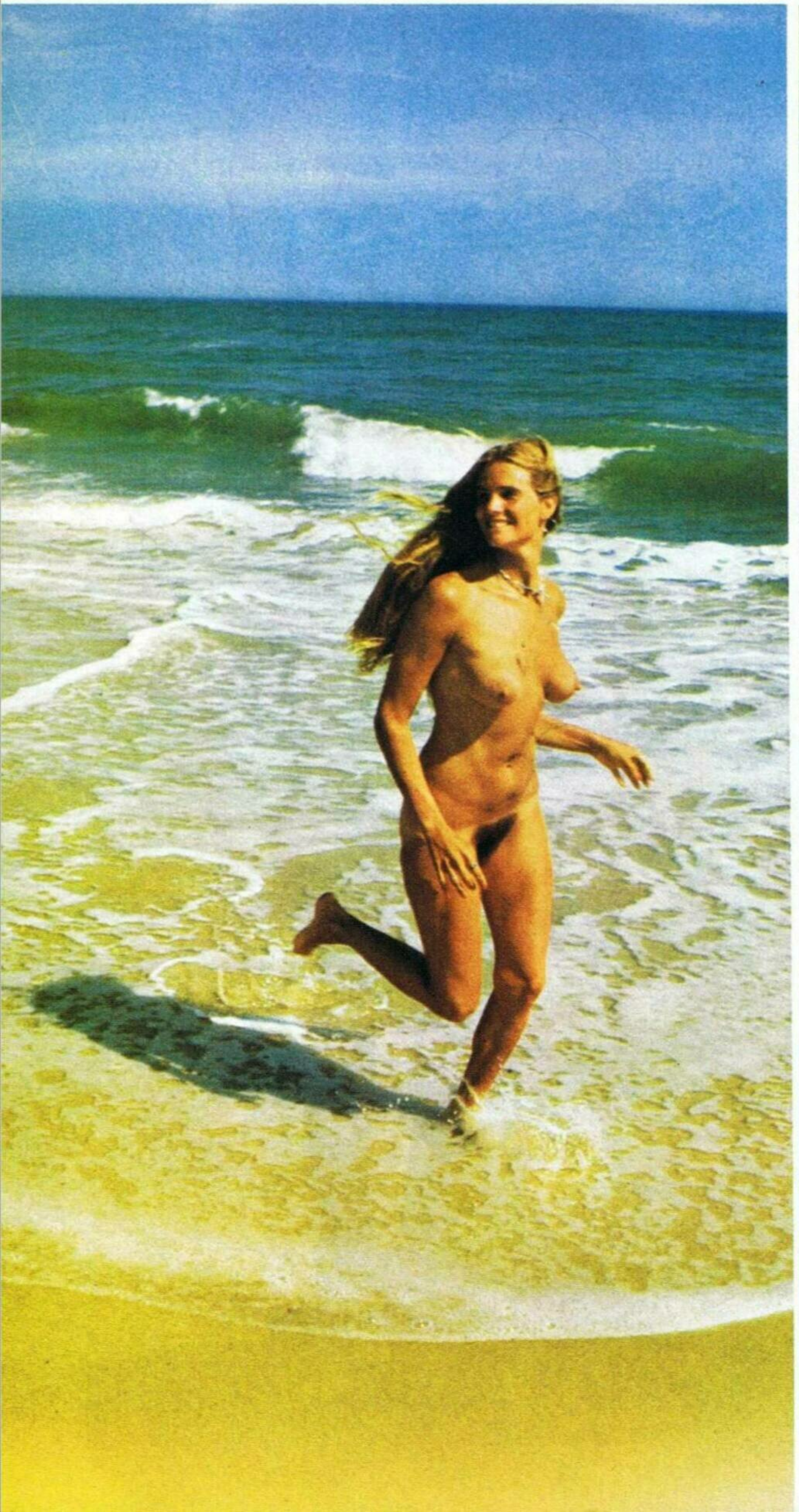
For all those fans of the monster epic *Jaws* who have become adjusted to taking a bath again without the aid of a handy harpoon gun, a gentle reminder. Not all the heart-stopping moments came with the appearance of that man-eating shark – in the opening scene a very feminine member of a beach party greets the dusk by discreetly stripping on the strand and plunging into the sea, to meet a more than watery end. Her name was Susan Backlinie and her 38-24-37 inches made such an impact on

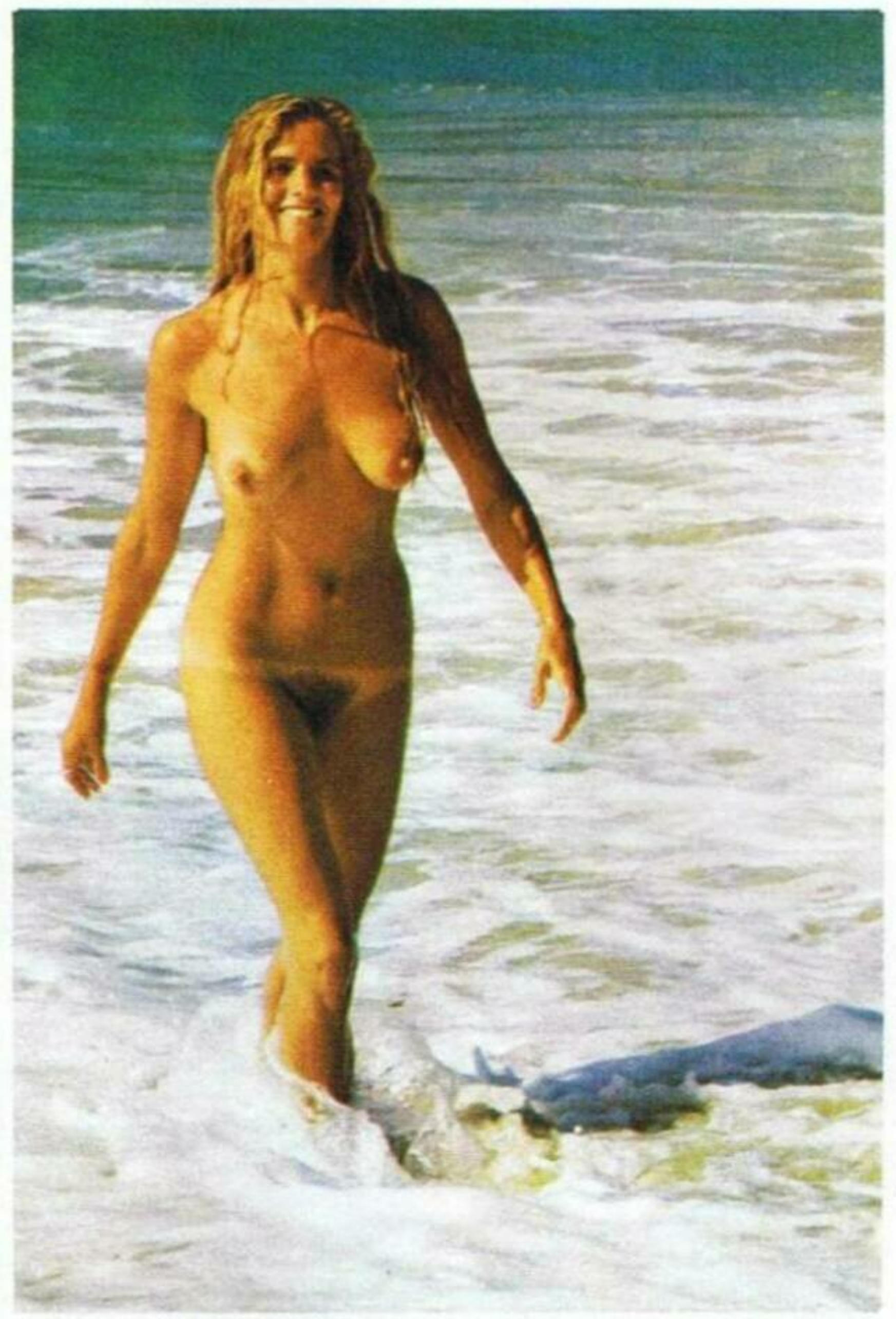


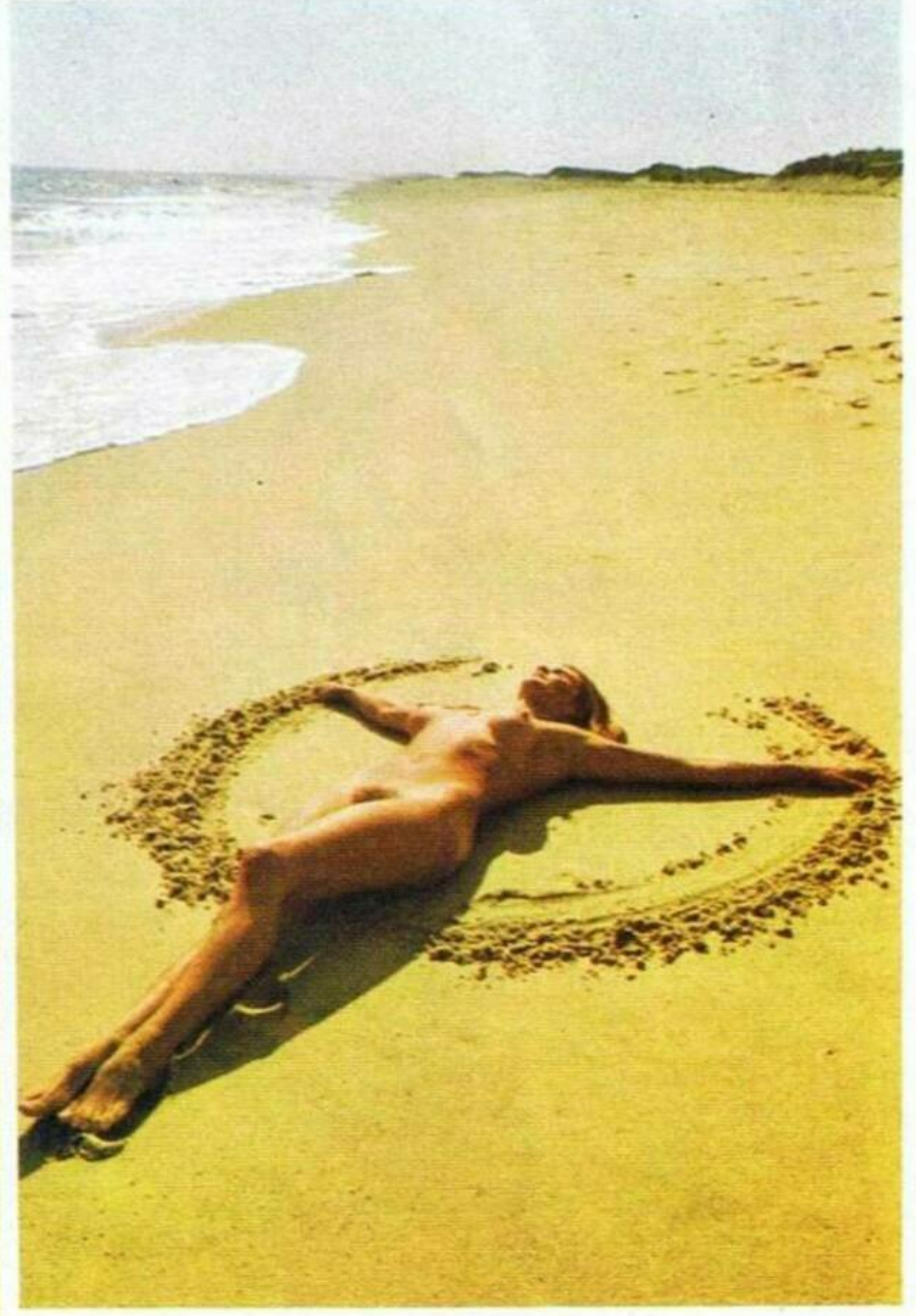




Mayfair readers we judged some less discreet exposure would be in order. Born in Washington 29 years ago, Susan's demise in the teeth of *Jaws* mechanical shark, Bruce, seems to have done little to curb a life-long fascination for the sea. Brought up in Florida she swam professionally in her teens and early twenties in local underwater shows and now lives in a 30-foot cabin cruiser in a marina north of Los Angeles, taking time away from the film cameras to go scuba-diving and shark-fishing. Ideal qualifications for her *Jaws* role. Though it lasted only a few short, shattering minutes on screen, the filming took nine days to complete. 'It was a sunset shot,' Susan explains, 'so I would only work in the morning or evening.' She remains a fan of her fishy assailant. 'Bruce was fantastic. If you've ever seen a 14-foot shark with a mouth that would go from my head to my rear-end, you would know that he was very real-looking.' Not an experience to be repeated. But Susan doesn't mind. Her next three films will co-star a bear, a tiger and leopard.







Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

After several years of enjoying a quiet drink and a natter together at the local, two friends one day found themselves for the first time discussing sex.

'To tell the truth, Bill,' said one, 'my sex life leaves a lot to be desired. Rose has become quite indifferent lately.'

Bill reassured his friend and told him that it was all a matter of technique. 'Women are funny creatures. They love you when you whisper sweet nothings in their ears, or call them pet names.'

'It's worth a try,' beamed his friend and later that night when he got home he walked into the kitchen, put his arms round his wife and said: 'How's my Rambler Rose?'

She turned from the sink, looked at him disapprovingly and said: 'Arthur, what's the matter. Have you gone bonkers?'

The next evening at the pub the two friends met again and Arthur reported his lack of progress.

'Persevere,' consoled his friend.

And that night upon returning home Arthur again hugged his wife and whispered: 'How's my little Rambler Rose?'

Rose picked up the nearest implement and hit him over the head with it.

'What's up with you?' asked Arthur.

'I looked up Rambler Rose in the gardening book,' shouted Rose, 'it said "no good in bed, great against a wall".'

At an important business seminar the chairman asked volunteers to describe the organisation of their company.

The first began, 'In our company we use the pyramid technique with the president at the top, information being passed down through the various levels and any problems fed right back up to the top.'

A second volunteer said, 'In our company we use the wheel system, with the chairman at the centre, surrounded by a board of directors through which information is fed outwards and round. Problems are fed back to the centre via the board and department heads.'

'In our company,' began the third, 'we use the mushroom technique . . .'

But before he could continue the Chairman interrupted: 'Please explain, I've never heard of this method.'

'It's best explained like this,' the speaker continued, 'they keep us in the dark and every now and then someone throws a bucket of manure over us.'

The fussy housewife went to the fishmonger's and asked for a pound of cod.

'I'm sorry, lady,' replied the vendor, 'I'm right out of cod today, but I have got some very nice haddock.'

'No haddock, just a pound of cod,' said the woman emphatically.

'Like I said, lady, I've no cod today, but I've got some very nice plaice,' replied the now somewhat annoyed vendor.

'No, just a pound of cod,' demanded the woman.

'Look, lady,' said the irritated fishmonger, 'would you please spell haddock.'

'H-a-d-d-o-c-k,' duly spelt the woman.

'That's correct. Now, lady, would you spell plaice?'

'P-l-a-i-c-e.'

'Good. Now would you please spell cod,' instructed the fishmonger.

'C-o-d.'

'Now, that's where you're wrong,' said the fishmonger with a smile, 'I'm afraid you missed out the "f".'

'But there's no "f" in cod,' protested the woman.

'Exactly. That's what I've been trying to tell you for the past five minutes.'

A labourer called in at an elegant Mayfair office for a job.

'Have you filled in our questionnaire?' asked the receptionist.

'No,' said the labourer.

'Then please do,' said the receptionist.

'If that's what you want,' said the labourer, then went outside and battered the doorman.

There was a Welsh girl whose boyfriend, Dai, was sent to work in London. After a week or so she began to miss him so much that she went to the local minister to ask his advice. He invited her into his study and tried his best to offer her solace. 'What is it that you particularly miss about Dai then Blodwen?' he asked solicitously.

'Well, vicar,' she replied, 'every Sunday afternoon after tea we would lie on the sofa like this,' she demonstrated, 'and Dai would hold me in his arms and put his head against my breasts and say that he could hear the Bells of Aberdovey.'

The vicar was curious so he put his arms round the girl and one ear to her blouse and listened. 'I can't hear anything,' he said after a short while.

'Of course not silly,' Blodwen laughed, 'you're not plugged in like Dai was.'

'Doctor,' said the patient, bursting into the consulting room, 'I keep losing my temper at the slightest thing.'

'Pardon,' said the doctor looking up from his desk.

'Look,' said the patient grabbing the doctor by his lapels and hoisting him 'I've bloody told you once.'

'Now that's what I call an eyesore, said one of the town's reformers to his colleague as they passed the village brothel situated in one of the more rundown areas of town.

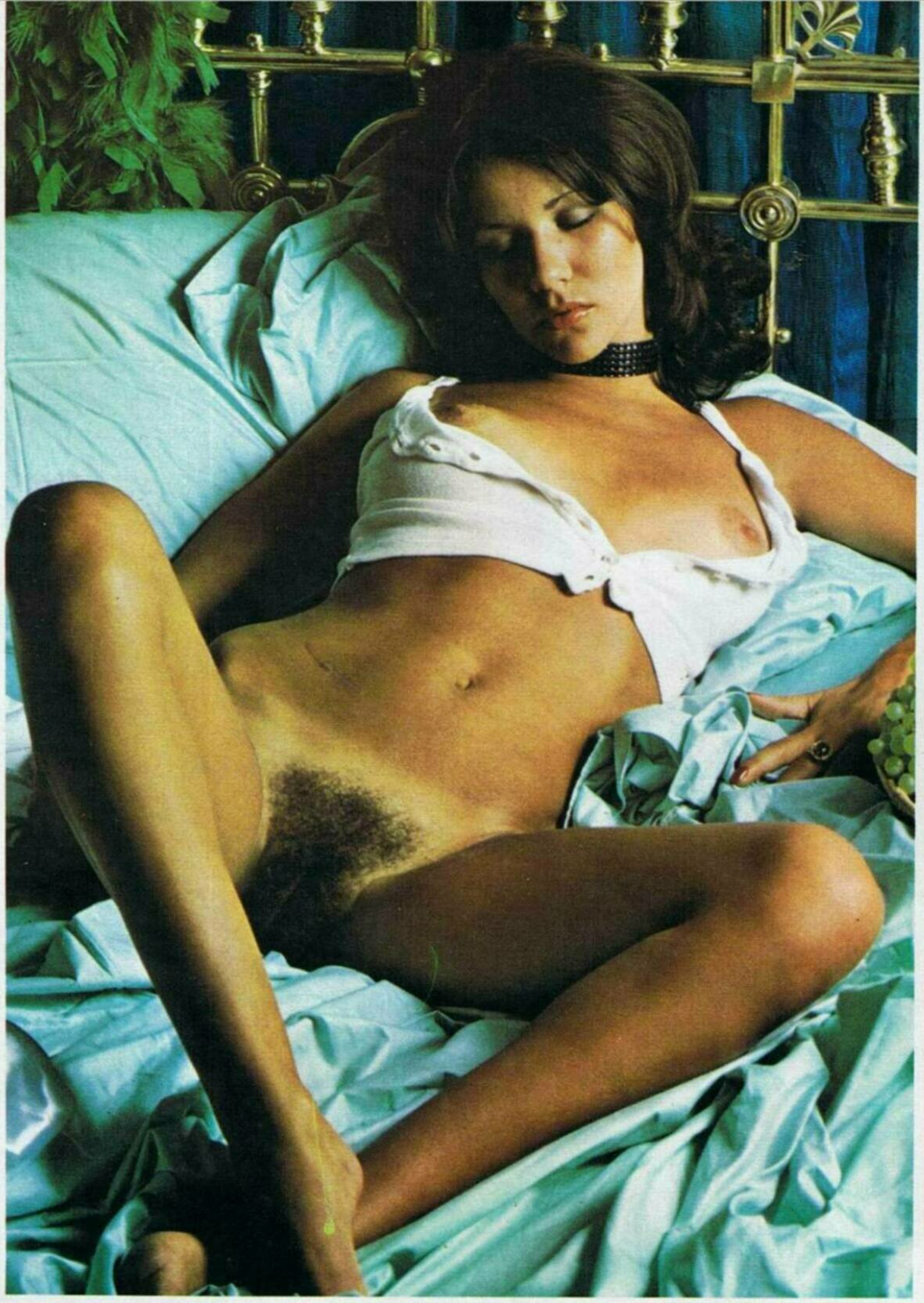
'I'll go along with that,' said his colleague, 'and there's another nice whore in that doorway over there.'

I met a young lady from Strood
Who said, 'If you feel in the mood,
Unbutton my front
And I'll show you my—'. Can't
Tell you the rest 'cos it's rude.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

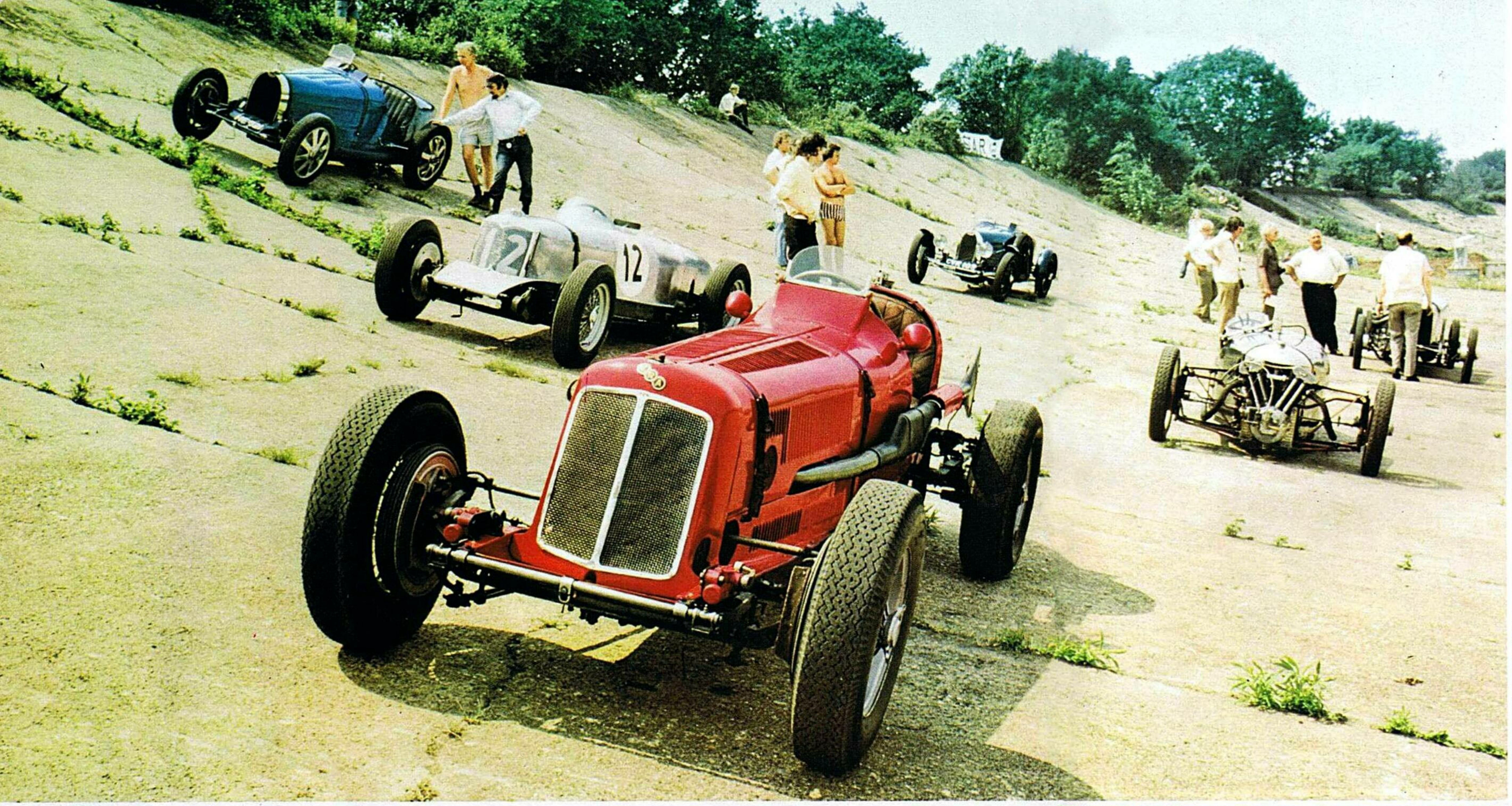
LYNDA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM



Funny things can happen when you're waiting for a bus – the vagaries of London Transport alone are good for a resigned chuckle – but it's not every day that a girl standing at a stop and thinking of nothing in particular gets an offer to model for *Mayfair*. That's just what happened to 18-year-old Lynda Lusardi though. She was spotted by former centre- and cover-girl Joanie Allum, wife of photographer John, who thought Lynda ideal *Mayfair* material. 'My first reaction was one of total disbelief,' recalls 35C–23–34 Lynda, who works in the accounts department of a large Holborn office, 'and then when I realised Joanie was serious my thoughts were to turn down the offer. I just didn't think nude modelling was for me. But then I mulled it over and eventually decided "why not?" – and here I am!' Lynda was born in north London's Palmer's Green and now lives in nearby Winchmore Hill. 'I still live at home with my parents,' she says, 'and haven't any intention of leaving home yet. If I were to get engaged, I might go and live with a man, but for the time being, I'm very happy being where I am, because my parents give me an awful lot of freedom. I go out quite a lot, mainly to local places like *Fagin's* in Wood Green and *The Royalty* in Southgate. I love dancing; Tamla's my favourite sort of music. I'd get out even more if my car worked.' Lynda sighs. 'I've got this rather ancient, grey Wolseley 1500, but the trouble is it doesn't go. In fact it's never gone. I got given it and ever since it's been

sitting outside the front door looking all forlorn. Still,' she smiles, 'friends have cars.' Men friends? 'Of course,' grins Lynda, 'lots of nice men around here. I'm looking for a Robert Redford look-alike though – or near offer. But he must like swimming.' Swimming? 'I'm a water baby,' says Lynda, 'Southgate Olympic Club's where I used to train. I was very serious about it once – now it's just for fun.' She pauses. 'Shooting the wet-look cover was fun too. Cold, but quite sexy. Wet clothes can be a bit of a turn-on, don't you think?' Your answers on a postcard gentlemen, and last one in's a cissy.



Main picture: vehicles common in the great days of Brooklands gather on the course's distinctive banked track during a rally held by the Brooklands Society. In the foreground, a 1½-litre ERA R7B supercharged voiturette, driven to victory by driver Arthur Dobson in the late thirties. Below: a two-seater Bugatti Type 35B of 1927 vintage. Bottom: a 1750 hp Alfa Romeo drophead coupé, a popular vehicle among visitors to Brooklands during the 1930s.

WHEN ONCE WE BANKED ON BROOKLANDS

Motoring with William Boddy

Photographed by Andrew Morland

With its unique banked track, Brooklands – the world's first purpose-built motor race course – opened in Surrey seventy years ago, to become linked forever with the golden age of British motor racing

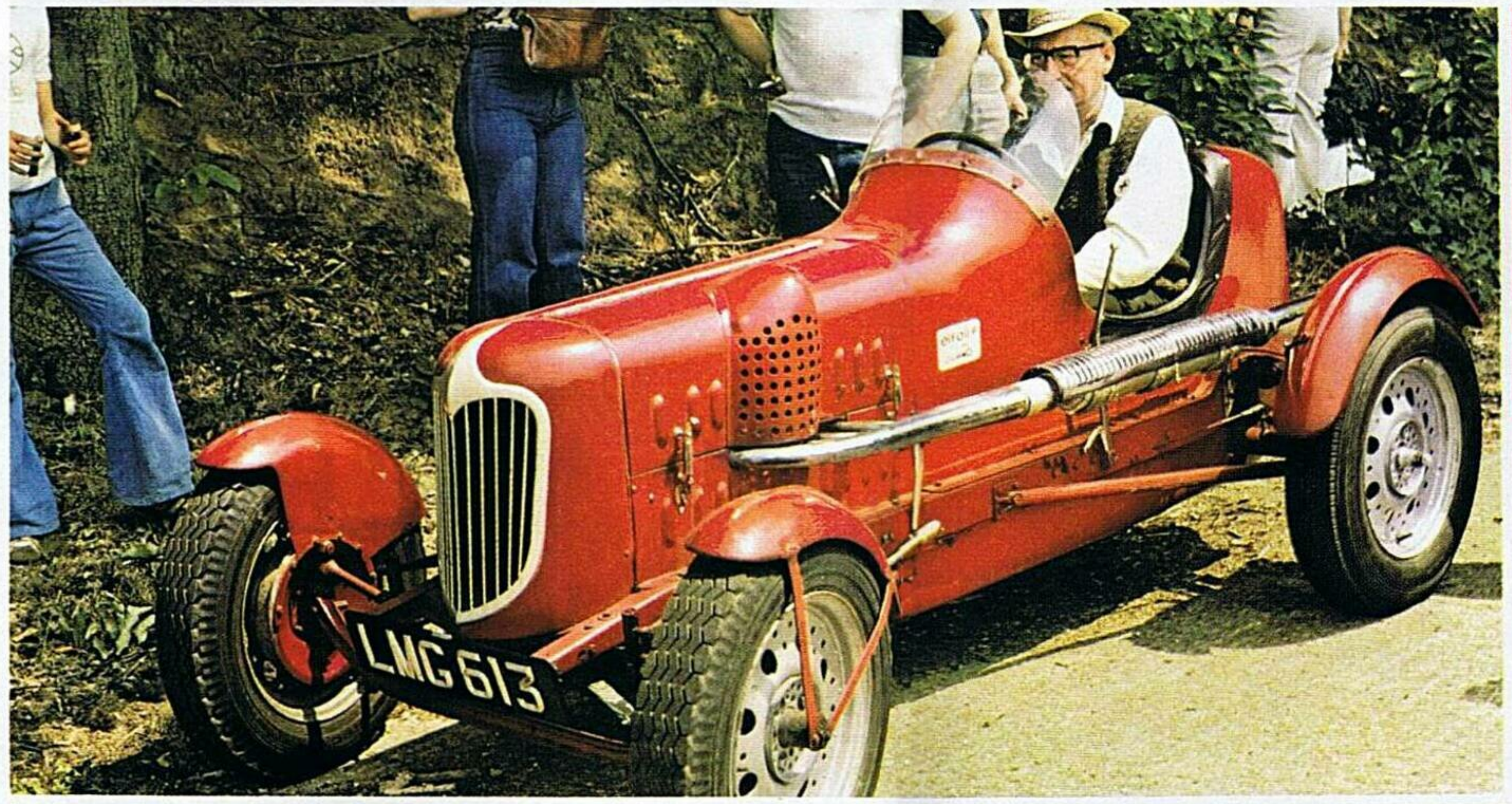
What can I tell you about Brooklands Track, to go with these pictures taken at last year's re-union of the Brooklands Society? What Indeed! After writing a 368-page history of the ancient and long defunct motor course, most of another book which Vickers published as their memorial to this mecca of motoring sportsmen and countless articles before and since, I might be thought to have dried up on this particular subject. Never! Brooklands – there is magic in the very name – spanned such a long and exciting period of motoring and aviation history, was the setting for so much action and drama, the centre of so many hilarious, and a few tragic happenings that memories of it will never be exhausted.

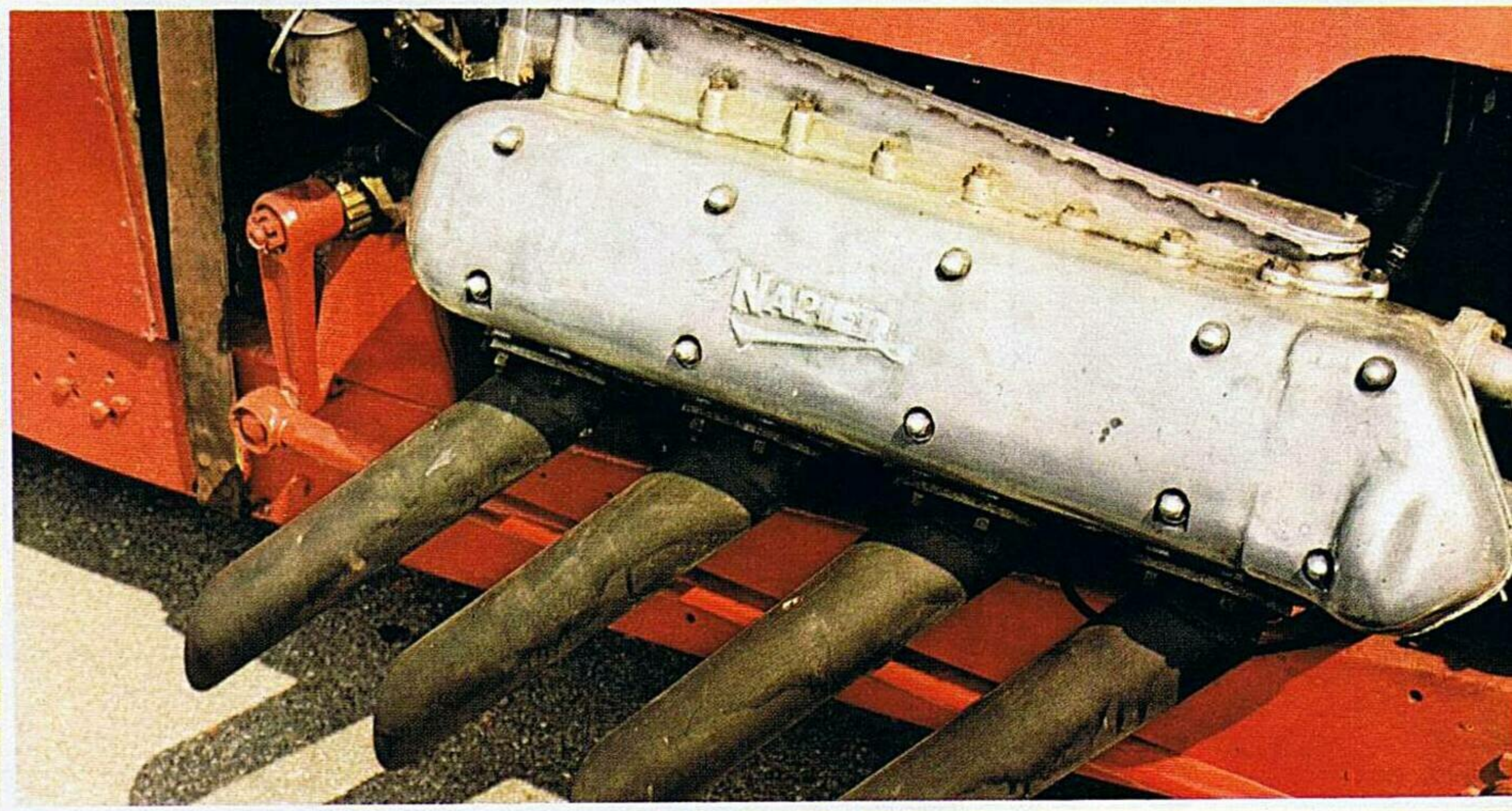
The problem is which era to enlarge upon. Do we drift back to the Edwardian grace of 1906–7, when hundreds of rough Irish navvies, steam shovels, traction engines, horse-hauled tips, and seven miles of contractor's railway invaded a remote part of peaceful Surrey? All because wealthy land owner Hugh Fortesque Locke-King had decided to build a motor track in his back garden and was investing £150,000 in that ambition. Or do I skip that and, this immense 2¾-mile, 100 ft wide, concrete motor course, with its two long, high

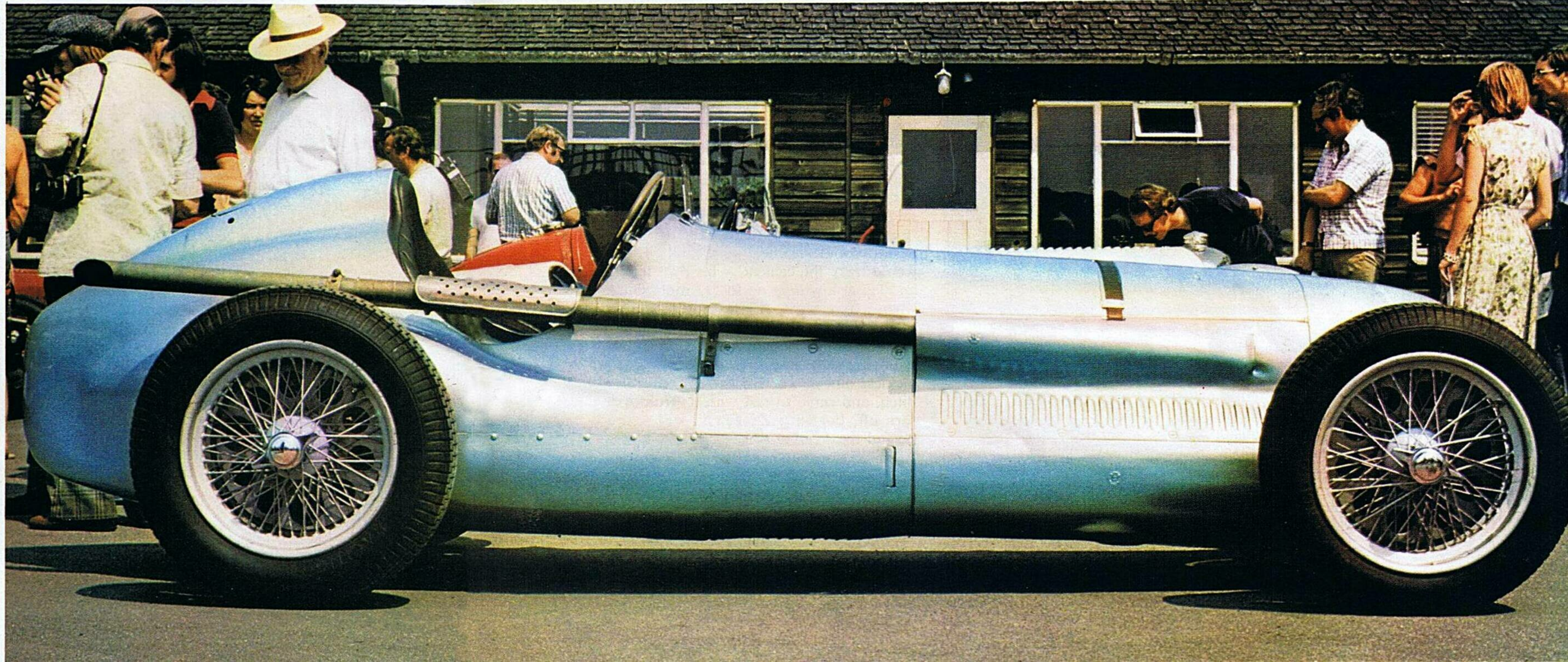
bankings completed (on horse-race lines, with a finishing straight across one side of the oval, flanked by an acre of paddock with cupula-topped clubhouse), tell you of the early aviators who coaxed their machines to rise from the grass in the centre of Brooklands?

History was made there, with A V Roe piloting the first ever British aeroplane to fly, close to that finishing straight in 1909. Those were the days when the committee of the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club read like pages from Debrett (two kings of England were club patrons, between the wars), and the drivers were identified by coloured jockey's 'silks', until the cars were numbered in 1913. When the ladies, allowed just that once to have a race of their own, had to tie their voluminous skirts to their ankles, lest they blow over their heads, on the exposed chassis they then called racing cars. Record-breaking was a furious activity at the track then, right into the mists of winter. It was popular little Percy Lambert, driving a side-valve 25 hp Talbot with a wind-cheating single-seater body, who had the distinction of being the first driver to exceed 100 miles in an hour. He covered over 103 miles in one round of

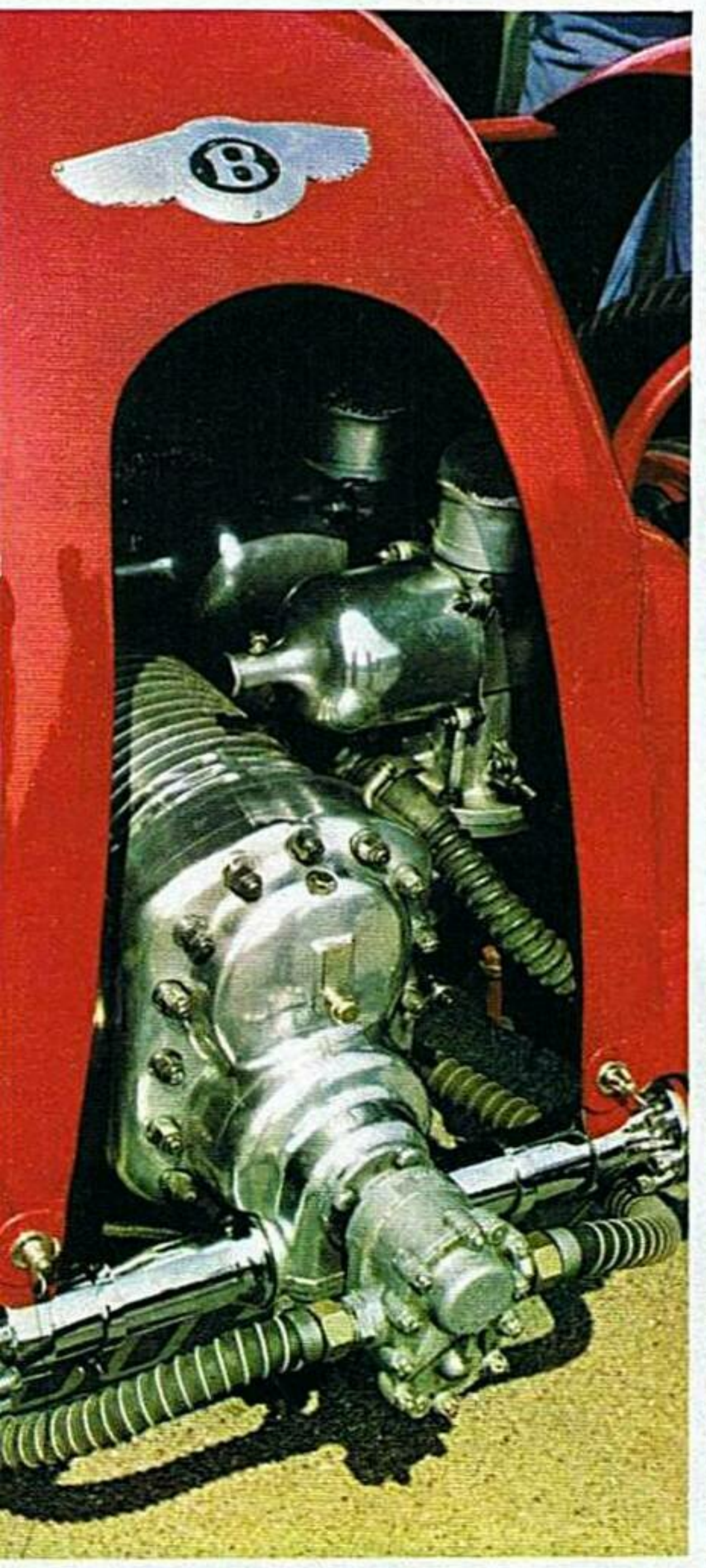
Vernon Derby







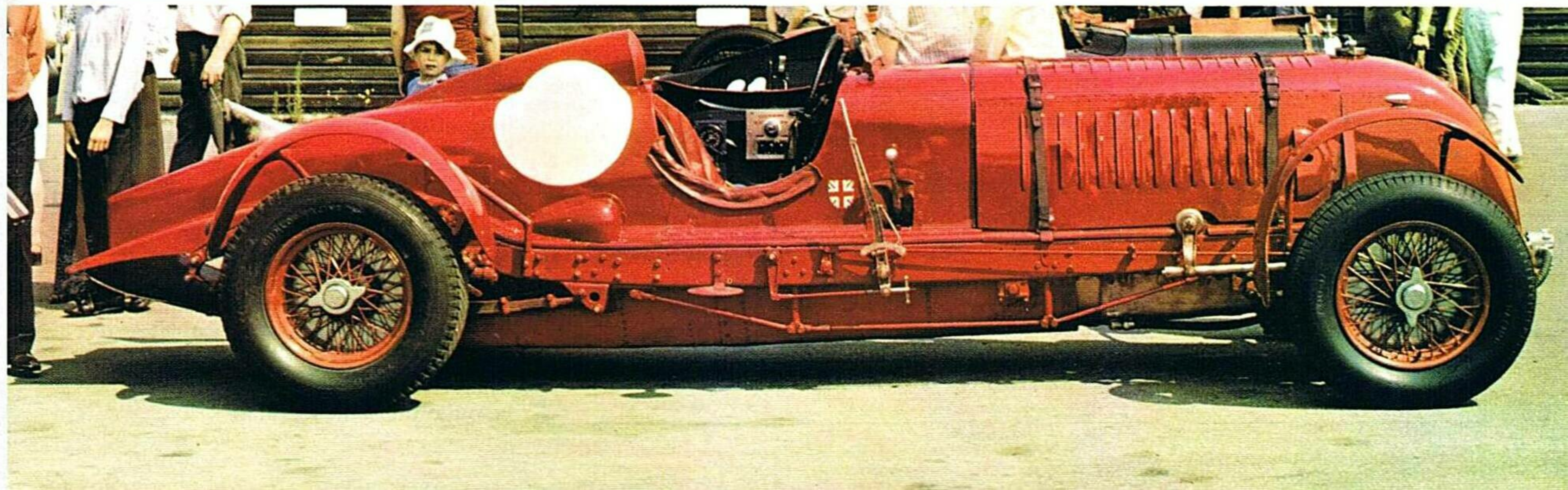
This page: cars popular in 1930s club events at Brooklands, a 1927–28 HE tourer (top) and (below) a 3-litre Bentley. Facing page, top: two further club event favourites, a 1927 Surbaisse Amilcar (left) and 1927 Vernon Derby. Below left: a Ford Special, and (right) supercharger of a 23-litre post-World War Two Napier Bentley. Bottom: driver Chris Staniland's mid-thirties Multi-Union Special which came within 2 mph of a Brooklands lap record.



Facing page, main picture: MG J4 1934 Model, and likely competitor in the Junior Car Club high speed trials. Below, left: a replica of a 1922–23 GN. Right: a 2-litre ex-Dixon Riley. Bottom: Sir Henry R S Birkin's 4½-litre single-seater supercharged Bentley, a one-time holder of the Brooklands lap record. This page, top left: the Amerhurst Villiers supercharger of a blown Bentley. Right: single-seater MG K3 of 1934. This machine won the G Class record on the Campbell circuit at Brooklands in 1937, driven by its present co-owner, J H T Smith. Above: a 1935 Singer Bantam.

the timekeeper's clock. A big Peugot stole the British Talbot's record and, trying to go quicker, Percy had the car roll on him as it overturned on the members' banking. After the war things were enlivened by Count Louis Zborowski and his merry men, wearing black suits and floppy, loud-check Palm Beach caps, who would attack the 23-litre aero-engined 'Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang' with a crow-bar. Having woken it into sonorous life, the wealthy Count would 'take the cement' – his own term – and lap at anything up to 113 mph. Once, when a tyre went, 'Chitty' hit a parapet, slithered down the banking, went through a wooden timing hut as if it were a bomb, removing some fingers from the hand of a luckless official who had taken refuge in a ditch, and came to rest with its front axle torn off, but with Zborowski still sitting behind the steering wheel.

All that belongs to the Brooklands legends. What do I remember of it myself? I went there first in the naughty twenties with my mother when I was 14. I had become interested in girls and motor racing. She could not do much about the former. But she could look at Brooklands, to see whether it was a place of vice, betting and iniquity. On our arrival a peak-capped



gateman said we should not stand too close to the spiked iron railing. 'They go by like a shell from a gun,' he lied. 'So fast you can't blooming well see the drivers let alone the numbers'. Not quite true! But they did go pretty quickly. I was thrilled, not so much with the speed and the splendid sounds, as by the variety of the competing cars. The game was still one played mainly by amateur gentlemen and often the cars they raced were nearly as old as themselves. So pre-1914 Grand Prix veterans and ancient stripped touring cars ran with home-built specials and the latest professional racing machinery. It was all made viable by old Mr A V Ebblewhite, who worked out miracle handicaps based on individual merit.

I recall that on that 1927 Saturday, we saw a fine battle in the 100-mile Handicap between a 'Flat-iron' Thomas Special, and burly John Cobb, fur-broker by profession, in an old TT Vauxhall that had been endowed with a new streamlined body. It ended when the smaller car broke a back spring and sat down rather abruptly on its already low bottom. My mother apparently approved, and I was a regular visitor thereafter.

This was the age when the girls wore knee-length frocks, were devoid of breasts, covered their boyish bobbed hair with cloche hats, and regarded Brooklands as a number one fun spot. They would dance with their plus-fours-clad boyfriends after the racing, at the *Spider's Web* or the *Ace of Spades*. Some of them even drove racing cars, like Jill Scott who, in 1928, was the first woman to lap at over 120 mph, in a supercharged 2-litre GP Sunbeam. On Bank Holidays the crowds would come down to watch debonaire Kaye Don, the famous Malcolm Campbell, and, later, temperamental Sir Henry Birkin, Bart. and happy John Cobb match their skill and courage against one another. Etonian ties were fingered and the ladies wore their best Ascot hats. But 30,000 was a really big crowd. The smaller meetings were just as pleasing. You congregated at the Fork, because the end of the finishing straight was now used as a paddock, or watched from the little stand by the Vickers aeroplane sheds, on the outside of the course, able almost to reach out and touch the racing cars as they sped by. It was like this for the BMCRC motorcycle meetings too when the tang of silenced exhausts, the crackle from high-compression, single-cylinder engines, and the pungent aroma of burnt castor oil was, to an enthusiastic youngster, only just bearable. But the stockbrokers living at nearby St George's Hill hated it, and sought an injunction to close the track.

Unsuccessfully.

All manner of races were held at Brooklands. Planned originally simply as a flat-out, accelerater-foot-glued-to-the-floor speed track, a more serious aspect came later. The outer circuit, designed to be safe 'hands-off' at 120 mph, over which specially constructed cars of odd but purposeful appearance raced at the highest possible speeds, was lapped by Cobb in his 24-litre Napier-Railton at 143.44 mph and a little nipper of a blown MG did 122.40 mph. The Mountain circuit (which had no real gradients but was so-called because it surrounded the natural hill from which spectators got such a good view, right over to the Byfleet banking, beyond the Aerodrome) involved a difficult banked corner, and a hairpin at the Fork taken with tyres squealing after some hard braking. Then there was the Campbell circuit, a sinuous road winding about inside the older track, built in 1937 at the behest of Sir Malcolm, so that some semblance of road racing could be had at Brooklands. Raymond Mays and his ERAs held the lap records for both these circuits, respectively at 84.31 and 77.79 mph. Fastest woman, on the outer circuit, was Gwenda Stewart, whose 2-litre blown front-drive Derby-Miller got round at 135.95 mph. Seventeen drivers had lapped at over 130 mph between 1928 until the track's demise in 1939, commencing with Kaye Don in a Sunbeam; these drivers included two girls, little, dark-haired, attractive Kay Petre, in a venerable giant Delage of 10½-litres and the aforesaid Gwenda from Paris. Earl Howe was in there, too, with these ultra-quick motorists, in his blue 3.3 Bugatti. And within the grounds was a 352 feet long, 1-in-5 test hill, up which Dick Nash, the spint exponent, shot in a Frazer Nash Special in 7.4 seconds.

This multiplicity of circuits produced important long-distance Brooklands' races that brought over to Weybridge some of the continental 'aces'. I recall Taruffi losing all chance of winning when Campbell's heavy 4-litre V12 Sunbeam spun on the banking corner and the Italian driver thought a caution flag, displayed while officials were trying to shift the obstruction, meant stop. The greatest driver of them all, little Tazio Nuvolari, came to Brooklands, once only. He was down to drive Earl Howe's 2.3 Bugatti. Either he disliked the car, or the bumpy track. For after a few practice laps he muttered an unintelligible excuse and left, never to return. Long-distance races had commenced when there was only Locke-King's outer circuit to race over. The Junior Car Club, as if to offset its modest title, staged its first 200 Mile Race there in 1921, for spindly light cars. It became something of a show ground for the 'invincible' Talbot-Darracqs from Suresnes, which made a habit of finishing 1, 2, 3 in the classic *voiturette* races and it put the Austin 7 on the map, these scuttling little wonder cars eventually being given a class to themselves. At the first '200' a girl spectator was horrified at what she took to be guns for quickly dispatching any driver who was badly injured – they were, in fact, signal flares issued to the marshals for purposes of communication. It was genial 'Archie' Frazer-Nash who, thinking in terms of extracting more speed from his 2-cylinder GN, remarked to his riding mechanic that he could lie prone for the duration of the marathon. 'There's nothing in the race regulations to prohibit it', said Nash. 'And there's nothing in them to say the passenger has to be alive at the end of the race', retorted his companion.

Every week day there seemed to be something going on down at Brooklands. Serious testing, record-breaking or preparing for the next race occupied some, while others would be happy just 'messing about with motors'. It was a place where the wealthy and the impecunious met on equal terms because of their common love of fast machinery, where the famous and the meek rubbed shoulders.

This magic place never closed. What with the late evening flying, and tuning business to be discussed at Thomson and Taylor's workshops over on the Byfleet side, it could never close its gates. This fact was well known to the lads and lasses, myself included, who were often to be found parked by the rhododendron bushes in the dusk, on the ever-inviting Hill . . .

Alas, this historic place, this national heirloom, the first ever motor course in the world, was sold to Vickers for £330,000, soon after the end of World War Two. Thirty-two years of motor racing and flying heritage instantly obliterated! Some time afterwards I started the Brooklands Society, so that those who had known the old track could enjoy an annual re-union. This has snowballed into a very active organisation, which hopes to buy the track back.

If this can be done as a dignified motor racing and aviation museum, splendid! If, to attract the necessary finance, it has to be a glorified Glee-Fair, not so good. But whatever happens, Brooklands will never be quite the same again.

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TRAVELLING LAVATORY
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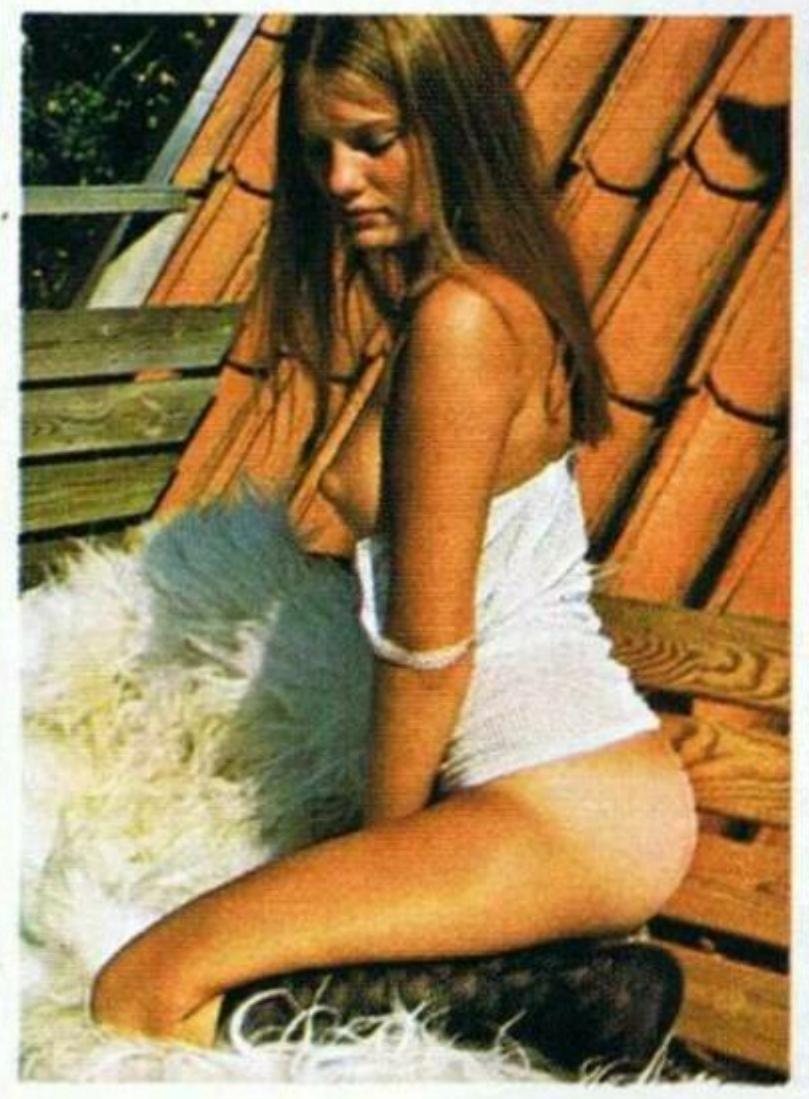
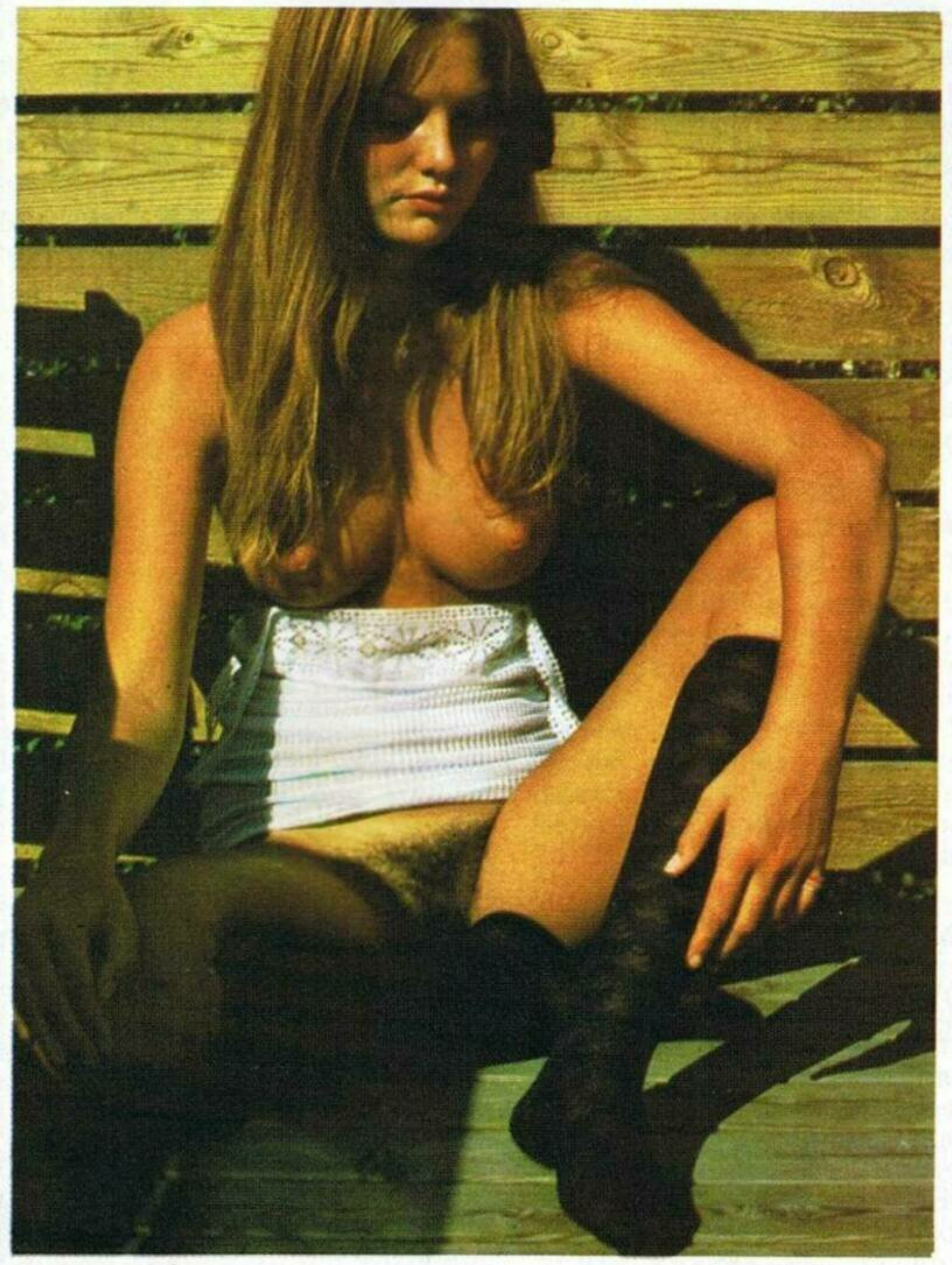
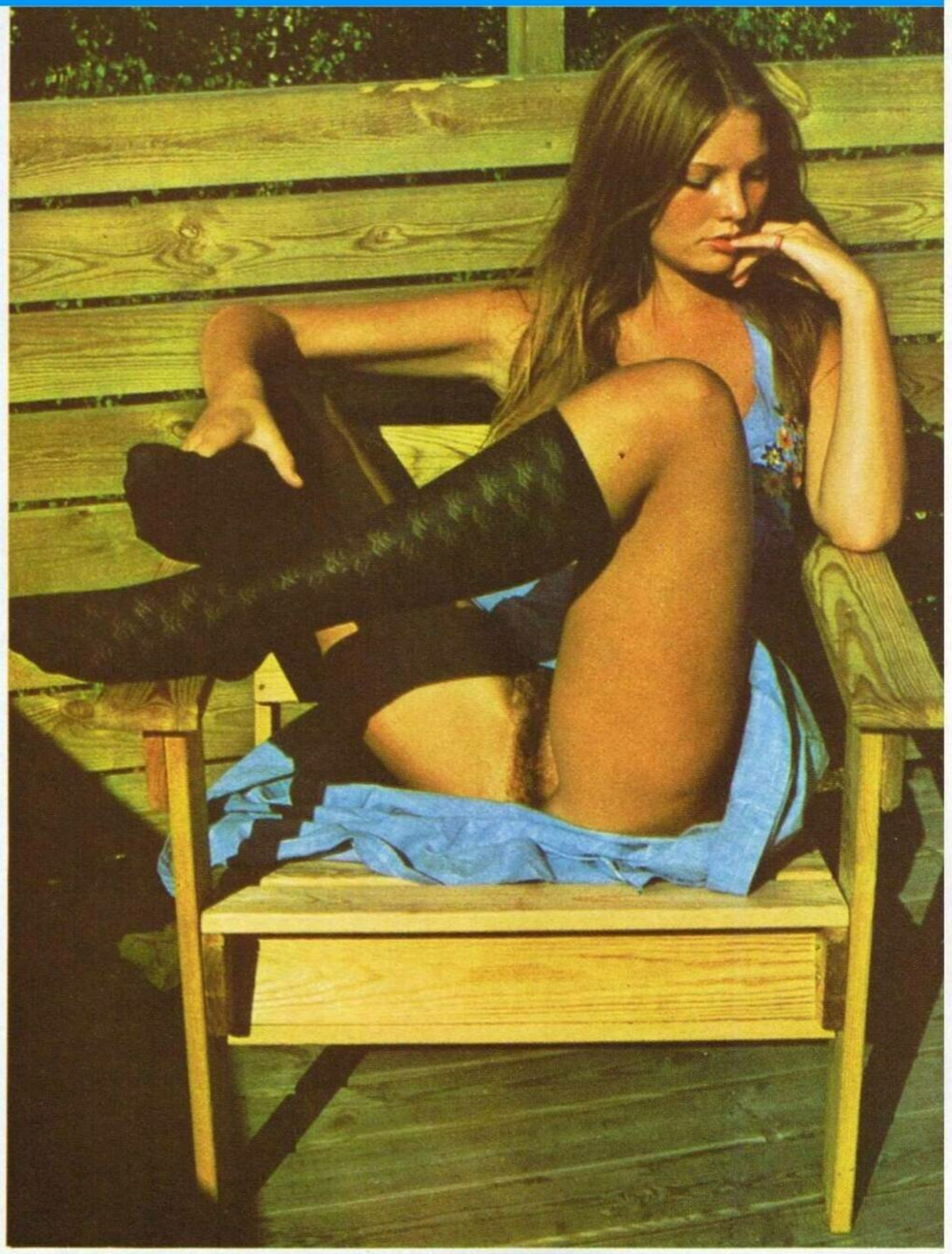
PENELOPE

The darts room of a Cornish country club seems an unlikely starting place for a romance, but 21-year-old Penelope Owen would be unlikely to agree. It was there, on a West Country touring holiday with a girlfriend last summer, that 5 feet 6 inch Penny picked up her first dart. 'I not only picked it up,' she asserts with justifiable pride flashing in brilliant blue eyes,' but





I scored 52 with my first throws and finished the match with a double twenty.' She grins at the memory. 'The boy I was with hardly spoke to me after that. He and his friend had been telling us how they were the local darts champions and here were two rank amateurs beating them hollow. I couldn't help laughing – mainly out of complete astonishment!' Following that brief but spectacular introduction to darting at St Columb's *Rectory* country club, Penny resumed her interest in the game back home in the Fishponds area of Bristol. She explains: 'I have a boyfriend who always was keen on the arrows, but it had never really concerned me before. He gave me a few pointers



but he told me I was a natural. Now I play as regularly as I can and I've even been invited to join a team in one of my local pubs.' One look at Penny's statuesque 37-25-36 inches is likely to raise gamesmanship to new heights – a view she disputes hotly: 'No one cares what curves you've got if you can't get that double to finish,' she insists. Away from the dart-board she works as a PA in an office in the centre of Bristol, spending what dart-free time she has at the city's Arnolfini arts centre. 'I've got a couple of "A" Levels but I'm not a particularly arty person,' she says. 'The Arnolfini *is* trendy, but terribly warm and friendly as well. And it sells some really superb real ale. All it needs to be perfect is – you've guessed – a dart-board!'

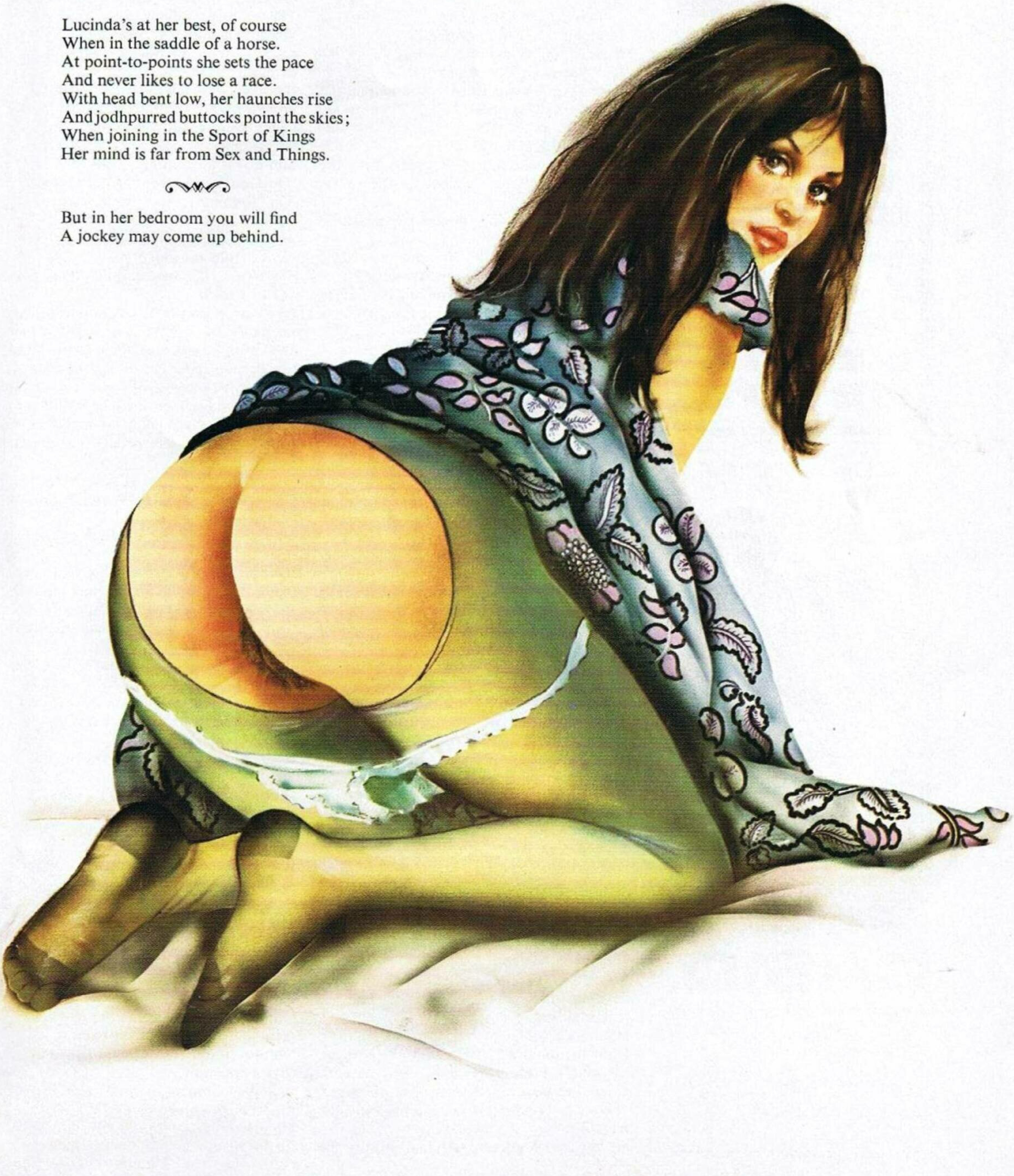
WHAT'S IN A NAME?

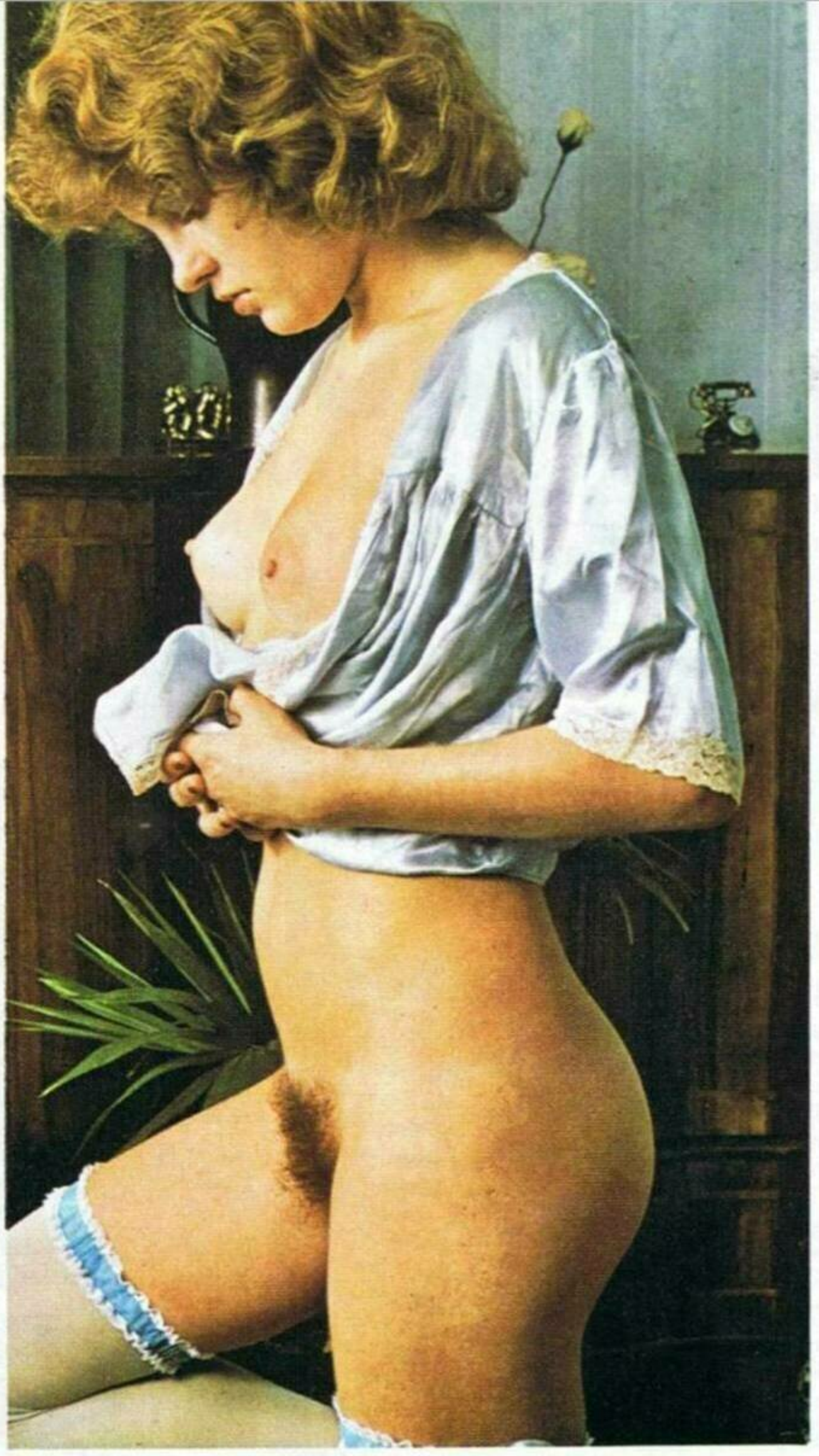
Illustrated by Ronald Cobb No. 2

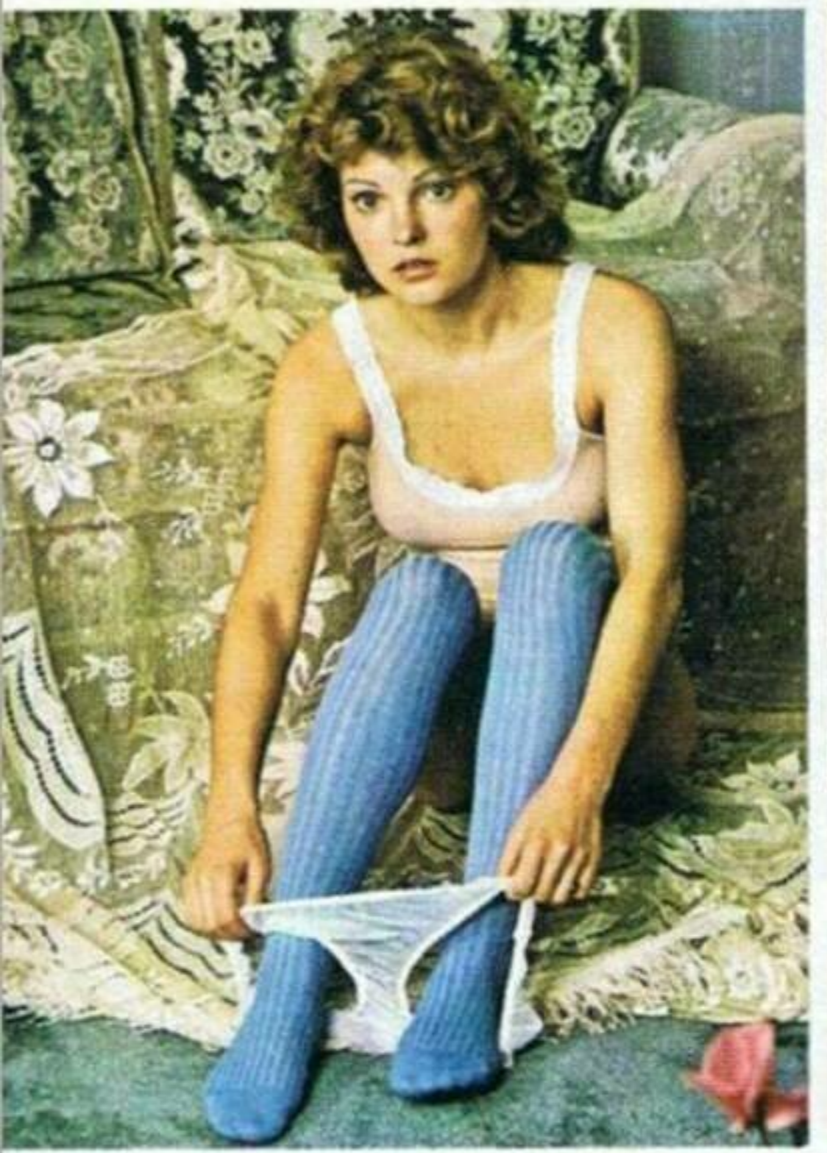
Lucinda's at her best, of course
When in the saddle of a horse.
At point-to-points she sets the pace
And never likes to lose a race.
With head bent low, her haunches rise
And jodhpurred buttocks point the skies;
When joining in the Sport of Kings
Her mind is far from Sex and Things.

* * *

But in her bedroom you will find
A jockey may come up behind.



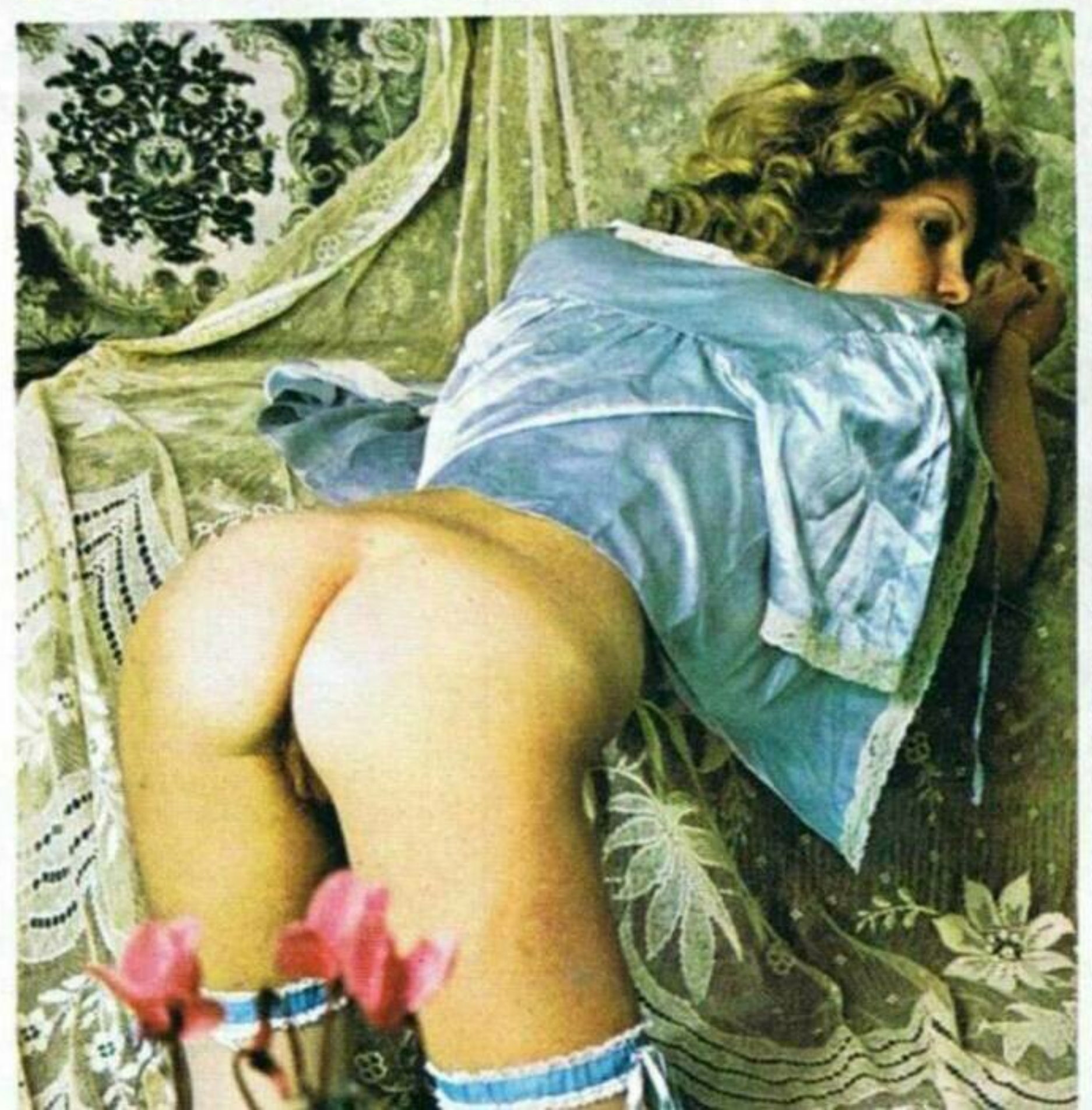




ERICA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

At 21 Erica Buckley, with an eye-catching 36–25–36 figure, possesses all the cuddly, lovable beguiling qualities of the girl next door. But next door in this context happens to be in the heart of Surrey's commuter sprawl – what the *Daily Mail* referred to as the epitome 'of the stock-broker belt' when referring to another of Belmont's more famous sons-and-



daughters, the new world motor-racing champion, James Hunt. 'Oh no, come on,' she laughs, 'you make it all sound so boring – and it's not, honestly. Boredom is only a state of mind, what you've been used to. I expect that I'd find other places not to my liking. Here I've got practically everything I want… tennis club, golf club, easy access to the south downs and a riding stable, where I sometimes go on Saturdays and Sundays, only a half hour's drive away through part of the prettiest country in England. No, now you're going to think I'm stuck-up or something and nothing could be further from the truth, really, even though I may appear like that on the surface. People, boys in particular, think that because I've my own car and live in a nice house and talk what they term "posh" that I must be toffy-nosed. The truth is that I find it difficult to make friends. Sure, the neighbours, relatives and family acquaintances are all very nice to me, but if there's one thing I miss it's the ability to go up to someone I fancy – not even in a sexual way – and say "Hello, my name's Erica,

what's yours?" and get talking. I remember one night there'd been a power failure and the train was delayed and I was in a carriage with an assortment of elderly and middle-aged commuters and this rather dishy looking guy. The train was supposed to be the 18.32 and we were still waiting at the platform at seven. It would have been unbearable except that this chap kept making funnies and in the end everybody was just about falling about. My favourite was "they can't run a railway so how on earth can they run the country?"... it seemed so appropriate at the time. I wish I could have joined in,' Erica sighs. 'No one'll ever believe what I've been saying about being shy, not when my *Mayfair* appearance comes out. It's the most daring thing I've ever done and maybe the start of a change in personality for me. But there's a problem area too, not many men like a self-confidant, exuberant girl either. It seems that I am caught between two stools:

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Nine

Throughout many volumes of Quest surveys one fact has always stood out: a surprising large number of girls are willing to indulge their sexual feelings with a comparative stranger as long as an adequate excuse is provided. This month we take a further look at an unusual, yet highly potent 'excuse': the initiation ceremony

INTRODUCTION

As demonstrated last month, initiation ceremonies have played, and are still playing, a major role in the formative years of sexual experience. This month's first interview is interesting in that at first sight a man pulled a mildly dirty trick on the interviewee. But because it was an initiation tradition she didn't seem to feel resentment against him personally and indeed was able to respond sexually to him a little later. The second interview, involving an initiation joke that went wrong and had unexpected results, reminds us that some initiations are by repute only and may not exist. The third interview shows how a small initiation game just happened to trigger the sexual feelings of a girl, who had subconsciously 'felt out of it' because she was not promiscuous.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One **Housewife, 26 years old, brunette, town of origin Carlisle**

This interviewee had left home at the age of 20 to take a variety of hotel and catering jobs. She had married at the age of 22 and now lives with husband and young son.

Quest: Would you say many young women receive their initiation into the hotel trade the same way as you did?

Housewife: My God, I hope not.

Quest: No one else mentioned anything like that happening to them? Do you find that funny?

Housewife: I'm sorry, I don't mean to giggle. It's just the thought of lots of tender young girls lining up to be groped by the head waiter because they thought it was the done thing.

Quest: Only it went further with you?

Housewife: A grope's one thing . . .

Quest: And having intercourse with the man who organised your initiation is another?

Housewife: I didn't plan it. I really was very naive. I was set up. I didn't know what was going to happen then.

Quest: Tell me about the job?

Housewife: It wasn't anything special.

Quite a nice hotel on the coast, not even a village really, so there wasn't much more than the telly when you were off duty. A lot of the staff only worked there for the season, so we were all strangers really. I suppose that's what throws you together. I was waiting and doing a few general domestic duties. I think they were supposed to be training me, but I didn't stay long enough to do much about that. Almost everyone was living-in, which was quite unusual.

Quest: And you felt at home?

Housewife: No, I felt terribly homesick. I thought I'd made an awful mistake. But everyone seemed friendly. The one girl I really liked was the receptionist, but she lived out, so I used to go around with a slightly older girl called Mary – she could be quite funny. Then there was a very quiet girl who hardly spoke to anyone, I forget her name. There were two young fellows who helped out in the kitchen and waited sometimes; one was quite serious, the other just joked all the time with Patrick who was a sort of head waiter – he was supposed to look after the kitchen as well, but he never did any cooking. To be honest at first I quite fancied him – he wasn't bad looking, he was about thirty-five, I think and he had a very cheeky manner. I think the first thing he said to me was, 'Straight into your little black uniform for you, love. With a frontage like yours you're going to be popular in the dining room.'

Quest: You hint that he encouraged a sexy atmosphere?

Housewife: No doubt of it. Of course, then, not knowing my way around I thought it was just talk. It was only later I found out everyone seemed to have been involved with everyone else, one time or another. Both Patrick and the silly kitchen-hand – Alan – had had their flings with Mary, and one chap I'd gone out with, Michael, was involved in some way with the quiet girl. And I think Patrick was after my friend, the receptionist. They must all have been waiting around, seeing which way I was going to jump. You've no idea what it's like in such a small group of people. Hotels are very sort of close-knit.

Quest: So who brought up the thought of initiation?

Housewife: Well, two guesses: Patrick, of course. We were sitting in Patrick's room one evening after dinner – Mary and I and Patrick – I think it was a weekday, and Patrick suddenly said, 'Well, love, it's nearly time to test your mettle.' I didn't know what he meant, but he and Mary were grinning at each other and I assumed it was a private joke. Then he explained that each new female member of staff had to undergo a test. So I said, 'Is that part of the training programme?' And both of them burst out laughing and Patrick said, 'You could say that, but it's more like a dare – just for the staff.' I still wasn't sure what he meant, but he said he couldn't say any more until the end of the week. I think I had the Friday and Saturday off because I went home and got back late Saturday night, though I wasn't working; and it was very quiet Sunday – the manager and his wife were out – and we only had three regulars eating in and a table of four or five young businessmen who'd stayed over from some conference nearby. We didn't even have them for lunch, so by mid-afternoon most of us had wandered up to Patrick's for a little swig of something. I suppose I should have realised something was up by the amount he kept pushing on me, but the manager was away and we never normally drank at that time, so I assumed that was why everyone seemed to feel sort of naughty – not exactly on edge, but as if they were expecting something. And that was when Patrick explained about the dare.

Quest: Which was?

Housewife: I used to have to wear this slightly old-fashioned sort of waitress outfit, a kind of blouse top, and of course skirts were still minis then – Patrick said all that I had to do was serve dinner in my uniform and do one extra thing, which was to let him hold my knickers. I had this stupid vision of us plunging around the dining room with Patrick's hand up my skirt and everyone staring, which everyone laughed at but Patrick said, no, he had to hold my knickers as proof that I wasn't wearing any and the others would stay with him and witness that I wasn't in them. They all said the other girls had done it. Everyone was staring at me, sort of bright-eyed as if they were daring me and I don't even remember thinking about it much so I said, 'Yes, why not?' It was nearly half six and I was supposed to be dishing out starters. I hadn't bothered to change from lunch, so everyone waited while I slipped into Patrick's little shower room and took off my knickers. There was a great shout from the others when I went back in with them in my hand. And Patrick grinned at me and said, 'lovely, they're still warm. See you in half an hour or so,' and that was that.

Quest: It didn't bother you to appear in public like that?

Housewife: Like what? Even if the skirt was a bit short you couldn't see under it. To be honest, though, I didn't really think of that until Alan said something on the way down – he was supposed to be helping me. He was grinning at me and he said, 'Careful how you go, don't want to give those young businessmen an eyeful if you can help it.' It was only then it occurred to me how vulnerable I might be.

Quest: And you liked that?

Housewife: Then I suppose I did. I was still quite tiddly, remember, and it wasn't as if I was doing it off my own bat. I knew the others would never let me forget it if I didn't go through with it. And when I finally did walk in I remember looking at everyone and thinking ever so loudly, 'You don't know what I'm not wearing' and blushing terribly. I got quite involved in taking orders, until I went back to the kitchen where Alan was getting things ready. Eveything was fine until Patrick showed up.

Quest: What did he do?

Housewife: I'd just finished serving coffees and Alan had taken the desert things to the kitchen when Patrick suddenly came in with a tray. I thought that was odd because he rarely helped. But he just grinned at me and started picking up cruets, I think. The next thing I knew there was an almighty crash and half his tray had dropped all over the floor. So, without thinking, of course, I rushed over and helped him pick them up.

Quest: Bending down?

Housewife: Kneeling down more. He was one side of the spilt tray. I was the other. He then suddenly grabbed my wrist and pulled it towards him. I fell forward across the tray and of course that was the trick he'd planned.

Quest: What was that?

Housewife: So the men at the table were behind me. All getting a good view of my bare bottom. They were all looking that way already because of the crash. I went bright scarlet and turned my head and two of the young men were gaping at me. So Patrick hissed, 'Finish, you've got to finish.' If I'd had any sense I would have walked out, but I was so flustered I just squatted down. When I got back to the kitchen I thought my legs would give way. Which is exactly what Patrick wanted me to feel. As soon as he got into the kitchen, he gave me a quick cuddle and said, 'Don't you worry. Come and have a little drink and you'll feel better.'

Quest: And the others were waiting in Patrick's room?

Housewive: Alan and Mary were lying on the bed giggling. They'd been watching from the door. Patrick plonked me down beside them and gave me a huge whisky which I gulped down. I remember my eyes streaming and feeling a bit better.

Quest: But the thought led you on to actual sex?

Housewife: Patrick was so apologetic and so nice. I had a great deal to drink, much more than I normally have because I thought I needed it. Patrick put some music on and we knew the manager wasn't due back till morning. That sounds like a list of excuses. I suppose messing about started quite naturally.

Quest: What do you mean by that?

Housewife: Alan and Mary were dancing to the music and that turned into a sort of gentle snog; and Patrick and I were lying giggling on the bed. I did fancy him, not tremendously, but he was funny and nice and he didn't make any obvious moves, except saying I had such a lovely bottom. And suddenly we were kissing – very gently, not demanding at all – and I remember thinking, 'This is nice.'

Quest: Where were the others?

Housewife: Curled up in an armchair in the corner. I wasn't terribly aware of them, just very very cosy. And then Patrick was saying he wanted to snuggle up to my beautiful front and get a tray's-eye view of me, which made me giggle. And the next thing I knew he was burrowing around in the front of my blouse, and I sort of pretended to protest but he had terribly soft and gentle fingers and I suddenly felt the air on my nipples and I thought, 'God, he's a fast mover.' Then he was touching me.

Quest: On your nipples?

Housewife: All over, I think. Not really intimately, though. But I was quite worked up. And when he did touch me between my legs I realised how damp I was and exposed and I sat up. Alan and Mary could have been on another planet, and I didn't even realise they'd gone.

Quest: So you lay down again?

Housewife: We started petting again and all the time he was squeezing more and more clothes off me; I ended up with my blouse wrapped round one wrist and then he was pushing my legs apart and I pushed down my hands to keep him away, but the first thing I touched was this gigantic bulge in the front of his trousers and that was that. I wanted it like that, and I was rubbing and rubbing away at him till in the end he had to push my hands away. And it all happened very quickly, very urgently – I think I'd have stopped if I'd had time to think. Suddenly he unzipped himself and I felt him against the inside of my thigh, but I made him stop and pull his trousers and pants right down. Then he put on this Durex and grinned at me. 'Just in case,' he said. I wanted to feel his bottom because it looked so round and hard in his trousers. And as I grabbed his cheeks he came right into me, all the way, very fierce and hard – it took my breath away; and he went at it like a maniac, almost viciously – I'd never had it so roughly before and it was incredible – and clutching at him – I didn't know whether I wanted him to slow down or go faster, and before I could make up my mind he gave this great gasp and I actually felt him come inside me – sometimes it's quite difficult to tell and that brought me off. Actually it was lovely.

Quest: Did Alan and Mary know?

Housewife: Yes. And the next day Mary told me that almost exactly the same thing had happened to her.

Quest: With Patrick?

Housewife: His little dare softening you up, a bit of sympathy and then it all happened. Only she'd got fairly involved with him before she realised he was only filling in time and she moved on to Alan.

Quest: So you didn't have sex with Patrick again?

Housewife: No. I didn't fancy joining a queue. He didn't mind; we were quite friendly afterwards – but I didn't stay for more than a few weeks.

Quest: Thank you.

Two Articled clerk, single, 24 years old, rown of origin Sheffield

This – male – interviewee, a trainee accountant, is a keen all-round athlete playing soccer in winter and cricket in summer. He is single and lives alone in a small flat.

Quest: Does your pre-occupation with sport limit your social life?

Clerk: Yes, I take a bit of ribbing about that from my friends at work. I like the company of girls as much as anyone, but I've yet to meet one who's prepared to put up with my weekend sporting activities.

Quest: Yet you wouldn't consider yourself in any way sexually inexperienced?

Clerk: By no means. I'm not one to point at notches on my bed, but I have had a fair amount of girls. As I said though, sooner or later in the relationship I generally have to make the choice between a girl and a game of cricket, say, and daft as it probably will sound to you, up to now sport's always won.

Quest: In a recent series of Quest interviews, we examined aspects of sex in sport. You told me earlier that you'd read these interviews: did our findings mirror any of your own experiences?

Clerk: They did as a matter of fact, or to be more accurate one sexual experience of mine was fairly similar to one of your other interviewee's.

Quest: How so?

QUEST

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Clerk: It was in the early autumn, about the time you ran those interviews. The football season had just started and some of the lads in the team were discussing them in the pub after a match. Most of us bring along our wives or girlfriends to watch and we were telling them they only fancied us because we were sweaty athletes.

Quest: Was your own girlfriend there?

Clerk: To use a theatrical term, I was resting between engagements.

Quest: How then did a pub discussion about Quest and sport lead to sex?

Clerk: My best pal on the team is a guy called Brian and he'd brought along his girlfriend to watch and she in turn had brought along her sister who happened to be at a loose end that particular weekend as her boyfriend was at university and couldn't always get back. Sorry, this must sound a bit complex.

Quest: Carry on.

Clerk: Well, we were all talking about the sex appeal or otherwise of sweaty athletes with bulging thigh muscles and all the rest of it, and this girl, the sister, Judy, was saying that she much preferred brain to brawn, which was about all she could say, having a boyfriend at university. I said, 'Come on Judy, don't you fancy *me* then?' and she sort of turned her nose up and one of the lads said, 'Come on Bill (name changed) all *your* brains are in your feet.' I laughed along with everyone else, but inside it pissed me off a bit because you can't be a total moron to do the job I do, and just because I like sport shouldn't automatically lead anyone to assume that I'm some kind of dunce.

Quest: And this was the opinion you thought Judy had of you?

Clerk: Sort of.

Quest: Yet despite this unpromising start, sex still took place.

Clerk: We played our games on a Sunday morning, and after that we'd have a couple of jars in the pub. Then I'd usually go back to Brian's place for lunch and to watch the football on TV. Judy kicked up loudly at this and said that she'd watched football all morning and wasn't going to watch it all afternoon. I was still smarting about what she'd been saying in the pub so I told her if she didn't like it she knew what she could do. She stormed off and her sister got really mad at me and told me to go and apologise. Judy was in the bedroom in floods of tears, so I sat down beside her and put my arm around her. She told me to get lost and tried to get away from me and I was saying all I was trying to do was make up. We weren't exactly struggling, she was more wriggling about and I was trying to stop her wriggling about. Suddenly we were face to face and I kissed her. I don't honestly know why. I expected her to wallop me, but she didn't, she just looked a bit surprised so I kissed her again. This time she opened her mouth a little so I could slip my tongue inside. I still couldn't quite believe what was going on, but you don't act rationally in these kinds of situations do you? You just carry on. We were lying back on the bed and I was scrabbling about under her skirt trying to get her tights off and she was saying, 'You bastard, what are you doing?' which I thought meant stop, but when I tried to stop she virtually dragged me back on top of her. Funny people girls. Anyway, I got her tights down by which time she had the old man out and she just pulled me in. She was making one hell of a noise, I was sure the other two could hear us, but I didn't care that much. She had her hands under my T-shirt practically shredding my back and I was trying to lift up her jumper and get her boobs out. Very complicated tights and bras, I think they should be outlawed. It was a very violent session – we both nearly rolled off the bed. After I came I was panting like a dray-horse and she smiled at me and said, 'I see what all the fuss about sweaty athletes is about.'

Quest: Did this situation repeat itself?

Clerk: No. We both went downstairs looking very sheepish and we did go to bed together again that night, but she really did have a strong thing going with this chap at university so she wrote me a nice letter, a sort of classic 'Dear John' saying that it had all been very nice, but it was a spur of the moment thing so thanks and good luck and goodbye.

Quest: Yet last summer you had another experience very closely linked with sport.

Clerk: That was with the cricket club I'd joined, but on that occasion, I think the sporting side was largely irrelevant.

Quest: In what sense?

Clerk: It was more a practical joke that went wrong. Or right I should say from my point of view.

Quest: Explain.

Clerk: I'd just joined this club and it is a club tradition that on a new member's first game he buys a jug for the rest of the team – you know drinks for the lads. As it happened, by sheer fluke I also took a hat-trick in the match which meant I had to buy another jug. As you can imagine I was feeling pretty pleased with myself and in just the right sort of mood for the club disco which was due to take place later the same evening. I had a few pints inside me and as cricket's an incredibly social game, I knew there'd be quite a few girls coming along. Not only wives and girlfriends, but daughters of older players too. I did have a girlfriend at that time, but I hadn't particularly wanted to ask her along. I mean it was my first game for the club and I wasn't quite sure of the lie of the land and everything else. The whole thing could have turned out to be a huge drag, in which case I'd have gone home, but there were so many girls floating about during the afternoon doing up the pavilion that it seemed promising.

Quest: And was the promise fulfilled?

Clerk: I was talking to a couple of guys at the bar and they pointed out this girl to me, the daughter of the club secretary.

Quest: Why should they have done that?

Clerk: Basically because the promise *hadn't* been fulfilled. All the good-looking girls were spoken for and the rest were a bit grim. I was talking to these two and bemoaning the fact when they pointed this girl out. They confided, in hushed tones, that she was an absolute pushover; the easy lay to end all easy lays. They called her 'The Bike'.

Quest: Why was that?

Clerk: Because they said everyone had ridden her. Claimed it was almost like an initiation ceremony to the Club, all new members got a crack at her.

Quest: Did you believe this?

Clerk: I had no real reason not to. She was pretty good-looking and because I'd been told she was dead randy I began to read sexual nuances into her behaviour that may or may not have been there. She licked her lips a lot. That struck me as being sexy. I was being egged on to go and chat her up, you know, 'It's easy boy, round the back of the pavilion and bob's your uncle,' and so forth. So in the end I wandered over, introduced myself and asked if I could buy her a drink.

Quest: What was her reaction?

Clerk: Well she didn't immediately drop her knickers and lie down on the floor with her legs open like I'd almost been led to believe she would. We had a drink and a dance or two and then she asked if I wouldn't mind excusing her as she had a bit of a headache and wanted some fresh air. I thought this was the big come-on so I said I could do with a breather myself and out we went. I glanced over to the bar where I'd been standing and the two chaps I'd been talking to were looking a bit puzzled. I couldn't honestly think why, but I gave them a sort of sly wink and a thumbs-up. The girl, Jane, was sitting on one of the benches round the ground so I sat beside her and put my arm round her. After a while, I turned her head towards me and gave her a little peck, then another not so little one, and then I'm afraid I got a bit carried away and rather launched myself at her.

Quest: A sort of full-frontal attack.

Clerk: Right. I put both arms round her and tried to push her down onto the bench. She came out with one of the all-time classic lines – 'What sort of girl do you think I am?' As you can imagine, I was totally confused. I'd been told she was a sure thing and thought that the headache had been a pretext to get me outside. It didn't take long to realise I'd been set-up by those two sods at the bar. No wonder they'd looked puzzled when I'd gone out with her; they must have thought I really *had* scored. I didn't know what the hell to say. I mean I couldn't very well have come out with, 'Terribly sorry, but my friends said you were an easy lay.'

Quest: So what did you do?

Clerk: Sat looking miserable. Then she said something amazing. She said, 'You were told about me, weren't you? Did Phil and Martin tell you I was easy? That's what they usually tell people. They think it's a big giggle, initiating new members. It's because I've never let any of them get anywhere. Well you can go back and tell them from me that I've had that joke once too often and if they do it again I'll tell my father and have them kicked out of the club.' I felt such a prune I just couldn't move or speak. I don't think

I've ever felt so embarrassed. In the end I think she must have started feeling a bit sorry for me because she said that at least I wasn't as bad as some of the others who'd tried jumping on her and why didn't we forget the whole thing. She had her hand on mine to reassure me, but I still felt dreadful. I told her I couldn't go in and face everyone. Then she started getting apologetic about making me feel bad and trying to get me to cheer up.

Quest: Did she succeed?

Clerk: Yes, but not in the way you'd normally cheer someone up. After a while, I think she got fed up with my moping because she said she was going back inside. I asked her not to go and she asked why not. I said, and it was true and not just a line, that I felt very ashamed and that the silly thing was that I did quite fancy her and would she feel offended if I kissed her. She laughed and said that I could kiss her as long as it wouldn't make me think she was an easy lay again. So I kissed her and then she looked at me and said, 'Bill, are *you* an easy lay?' There's no real answer to that, is there? She let her hand just brush across my groin. I was hard, I don't really know why as I honestly wasn't feeling very randy, but she thought I was. She giggled. 'I think you are an easy lay.' I was half-laughing and saying that I wasn't but she was going on about people never thinking men were easy, all the while giving me little squeezes through my trousers. I told her not to tease, but then she went all mock-serious and said, 'But I'm not teasing you, I'm seducing you.' The situation was getting out of my control. I mean you like to imagine you'll come across a girl who'll make all the running, but you never actually do, do you? Yet here was a girl who had now unzipped me and had a hand inside.

Quest: And you had sex?

Clerk: Right in the middle of the cricket field, no more than fifty yards from the pavilion although there was a sight-screen between us. It was unbelievable. She had a long button-through dress on which she undid so she was to all intents and purposes naked once she'd slipped her bra and pants off. I kept my shirt on, but that was about all, she hurled my trousers into the outfield and all the money came out of the pockets. It took me ages to find it after. She just lay there stroking my cock while I fingered her, felt her getting wetter and wetter. It was so relaxed. Eventually I lay on top of her and glided in. We took it nice and slowly. It didn't even cross my mind to ask her if she was on the pill or anything like that, I was just too involved screwing. She dug her fingers into my bottom pushing me in really deep.

Quest: And the aftermath?

Clerk: The relationship that started then lasted all through the summer, but it ended at the start of the football season. She said that Sundays in summer were bad enough, but Sundays in winter too were just too much. It was the relationship that had just ended prior to that other sexual bout I told you about. Funny thing is I never really figured out whether she *was* really an easy lay or not. The guys in the club said she was but they'd never got anywhere. She said she wasn't yet she practically seduced me virtually on sight. I think that's why I prefer sport – it has easily definable rules. Sex doesn't.

Quest: Thank you.

Three **Computer programmer, single 22 years old, town of origin Barnsley**

This interviewee, at 20, had left her job in London, to travel extensively overseas. After a year in North America she headed for New Zealand and Australia, where she worked for a time as a programmer with the accounts department of a newspaper. She was now in London.

Quest: You told me earlier that up to the time when you boarded the ship in Melbourne to come home your sex life had been virtually non-existent. For a girl of your age and experience, in the sense of what you've seen and done, this seems a little over-stated, don't you think?

Programmer: I can't help how it sounds, it's the truth. I've had my share of boyfriends but I'd always drawn the line at actual sex. Petting was okay and I used to let boys do me with their fingers. In fact I liked that more than anything. I used to do myself a lot too, but at that time I'd rather have died than admit it. But I wouldn't have sex.

Quest: Why was that?

Programmer: It was simply the way I was brought up, I was always told that sex was something you did when you were married.

Quest: And you never had intercourse until you were on that boat?

Programmer: I didn't realise at the time I was changing, but I noticed other girls had.

Quest: What do you mean?

Programmer: Well, although the ship left from Melbourne, I came from inter-state on a Greyhound-type bus and I remember watching a very tearful farewell between this girl and boy. Later, she turned out to be one of my cabin-mates. Anyway, he followed the bus for a good hundred miles or so in his car and she was at the back window waving and crying her eyes out.

Quest: So?

Programmer: Well, when the ship left port, on the first night, this girl, Chris, and I had gone to one of the bars and there were three quite good-looking lads at a table so Chris went up to their table and chatted to them. It was just so obvious.

Quest: Was she picked-up?

Programmer: Not then, I was watching these lads and she put them off, being so blatant.

Quest: How did this cruise affect your life?

Programmer: I suppose you could say that in the last half of the voyage I made up for all the lost time. The first few days were disaster.

Quest: Seasickness?

Programmer: Yes. In fact after that first night aboard – we'd been told not to drink much – we awoke the next morning and one after another made a rush for the loo.

Quest: Did you come to some arrangements about bringing boys back to the cabin?

Programmer: Yes there were three girls in my cabin, Chris and another, Sue, who latched onto a fellow the first night and was hardly ever seen again. I think he must have been on his own, because she rarely slept in our cabin. So, we decided in the end that we'd just stay as we were, if we had a boy back, the other would get lost.

Quest: Did you find all this distasteful?

Programmer: Not under the conditions, no. Although I had confided in Chris that I was very inexperienced. I suppose that I realised that I might change.

Quest: So, what happened?

Programmer: Chris and I were at the second sitting for dinner, which gave us a chance to spend an hour cocktail-sipping in the Surf Bar, and as luck had it this chap she fancied – he was a ski instructor – was there with his mate and Chris went up to them and we all started talking, and arranged to meet at one of the other bars after dinner.

Quest: Go on.

Programmer: Well, at dinner, we shared a table with two guys, not the same ones, and I think they fancied their chances and plied us with oodles of wine, with the consequence that when we met up with John, he was the instructor, and his mate, Ray, we were well on the way. Chris and John spent a good part of the evening dancing and we all had a jolly time and between us demolished I don't know how many bottles. Then at about two in the morning we bought a bottle of champagne and went up on deck and played deck tennis as dawn broke. After we'd drunk up, we decided to raid the kitchen for freshly baked bread rolls, all lovely and warm. And when we got there, I suddenly realised Chris and John weren't with us. Well, Ray and I chatted and fell about cuddling a bit – no one was up yet, except for a couple of loonies jogging around the deck – and then I said that I wanted to go back to my cabin. He seemed to think that that meant that I wanted *us* to go back but in the end he went off, all dejected and I giggled my way to the cabin, which was three decks down.

Quest: Yes, please go on.

Programmer: Well, when I got in – I didn't knock – there was Chris, naked as could be on the floor, on her bunk was John. I remember just throwing off my clothes and jumping, or rather falling, into bed and passing out. When I woke up about lunch time they were still in bed, out like a light. After lunch I came back to get into my bikini so I could go up to the pool but they were gone. When I saw Chris, a couple of hours later she told me that they'd made it and that John had the thickest John Thomas ever and that I should try it.

Quest: She was dumping him?

Programmer: She said there was a nice boy in a cabin three doors along. It really was as casual as that. And boys were few and far between, only five hundred or so to a thousand girls. It was a one-class ship and most of the passengers were young.

Anyway, this new boy, though good looking, was a real weirdo. A real ladies' man whose philosophy was that as you live only once, one had to try everyone.

Quest: If you'll pardon the pun, just where did he fit in?

Programmer: As could be expected that night – we'd been out a week – I walked into the cabin and he and Chris were humping away like mad on the bed. I wanted a shower, so I collected my towel, and went to one in the corridor. But I couldn't forget what I'd seen. I felt out of things.

Quest: So when did things change?

Programmer: A couple of nights afterwards. I'd somehow told Chris how I felt and she said that there was never any need to feel like that.

Quest: The two of you . . .?

Programmer: I thought so and was a bit shocked, but it wasn't like that. She was very sympathetic and promised things would be better.

Quest: And were they?

Programmer: Oh yes. Chris was now seeing a lot of this other chap, Ian, the weirdo, and when I went round to their cabin to borrow something or other, three boys and Chris were all sitting on bunks talking. I was in and no sooner had the door closed than Ian got up, said he needed a shower, took off his shorts, undies and T-shirt and wandered, starkers, into the shower. Everybody in the cabin fell about laughing and I managed to get it out of one of them that anytime a new girl came to the cabin, Ian would strip-off and wander about nude, on the excuse that he was just going to have a shower. Sometimes, so I heard, he'd even leave the cabin door open so other girls would 'spy' him as they went to and from their cabins.

Quest: But your initiation . . .

Programmer: As I told you earlier, it was my birthday, I'd only told Chris, January the 26th. And everything seemed to go fantastic. By now I'd managed to stagger quite professionally into my cabin, not even taking any notice of Chris and Ian or sometimes John. Then on my birthday, Chris and I went out to celebrate and got tipsy and found ourselves with, of all the people on board, Ian and John. Well as it turned out the evening went very well, and we got on fine, considering the circumstances and at about midnight we went up on deck, to one of the special spreads.

Quest: You mean a midnight buffet?

Programmer: Yes, It was gorgeous, all this beautiful food and drink. I remember saying to Chris that it had been a great day for me and that I wished I could have it to do again. It was then that the other two boys from Ian's cabin joined our little party and we all squatted down on the deck and started stuffing ourselves silly. Then the strangest thing happened . . .

Quest: Tell me.

Programmer: The topic of my just-finished birthday came up – the lads from Ian's cabin hadn't known about it – and almost simultaneously a loud-speaker announcement came over to the effect that 'As we were crossing the date line, today would again be January 26th.' It was amazing. And one of the boys, I don't know who, said something about it being a once in a life-time happening and that I should have to undergo an initiation. At first I didn't take it seriously . . . you know how those things are . . . you're torn between being a sport and joining in so people can have a laugh at your expense, and not wishing to be shown-up.

Quest: What was the initiation to be?

Programmer: That the six of us would rush down to our cabins, change into swimming costumes and come back-up and have a frolic in the pool, which was off limits, I think, at night.

Quest: So tell me what happened.

Programmer: We went to our cabins and came back about fifteen minutes later and plunged in, we were all splashing about and ducking each other and then finally one of the crew came along and told us that it was dangerous to swim at night. John argued with him for a while but he was most insistent so we just sat around talking, and drying off. But John was disappointed and said that I'd have to undergo another initiation.

Quest: Which was?

Programmer: Well, after much talking it was decided that I had to put my towel round my head and be kissed by all the others and guess who it was.

Quest: Girls, too?

Programmer: Yes, I was a bit hesitant at first but agreed after a fair amount of egging-on. It was totally loony – I had no idea who was kissing me at first. They were kissing me on the lips and cheek and then one kissed me on my navel and I went all tingly and goose-bumpy.

Quest: It went further?

Programmer: Strange, I started guessing who they were, as they would tell me, after I'd guessed wrong, and I got to tell who was who. Then I heard these whispers and giggling and I could sense something was up. There was this hot breath at the very top of my thighs, and then a gentle, ever so sexy kiss and nibble which made me shiver in the nicest possible way.

Quest: You found it on-turning?

Programmer: Oh yes. As I said earlier, I liked petting and all the kissing, atmosphere and drink had turned my thoughts all sexy. I guessed right – it had been John, kissing me there.

Quest: What did you do about it?

Programmer: There were a few coughs and a-hems and the whole thing finished and when I took the blindfold off only John, Chris and Ian were there. The others must have felt a bit out of it so had left. We talked for a while then Chris and Ian went off and I was alone with John. It had turned a bit chilly so I said I had a bottle of brandy in my cabin and that's where it happened.

Quest: What?

Programmer: It. One minute we were sitting on the bed and next he had his arm round me and was kissing me. I mentioned how warm and sexy those kisses on deck had made me feel and the next thing I knew was that he was kissing me hard on the lips, forcing his tongue into my mouth and making me gasp for breath and slowly he started running his hands over my body and moving his head down to my neck, kissing and nibbling. And then onto my ear – I was just like jelly. I really love it when a boy nibbles at my ear and nowadays it's the best way to get me excited. He moved his head down and down, kissing me all the way down, right down to my thighs and he licked me and I just let out a sort of groan, and flopped back on the bunk. John was very gentle and just eased my bikini briefs down. I remember starting out to stop him but the movement turned into me lifting my bottom so he could get them down.

Quest: Go on,

Programmer: He was very good at petting, very gentle and unhurried. My heart was pounding by this stage and I was all hot, and when he brushed his finger over my vagina, just parting my lips, I felt so wonderful and sexy that I asked him to fondle my breasts, which up to that stage he'd almost completely ignored. I undid my bra and he stretched up his arms and began to massage them, quite hard. Down below I had these marvellous sensations as he darted his tongue all over my thingy, and I knew it was too close.

Quest: An orgasm?

Programmer: A wonderful orgasm. All my co-ordination went and I was rolling on the bed all ga-ga and moaning and my heart was beating so fast and so loud.

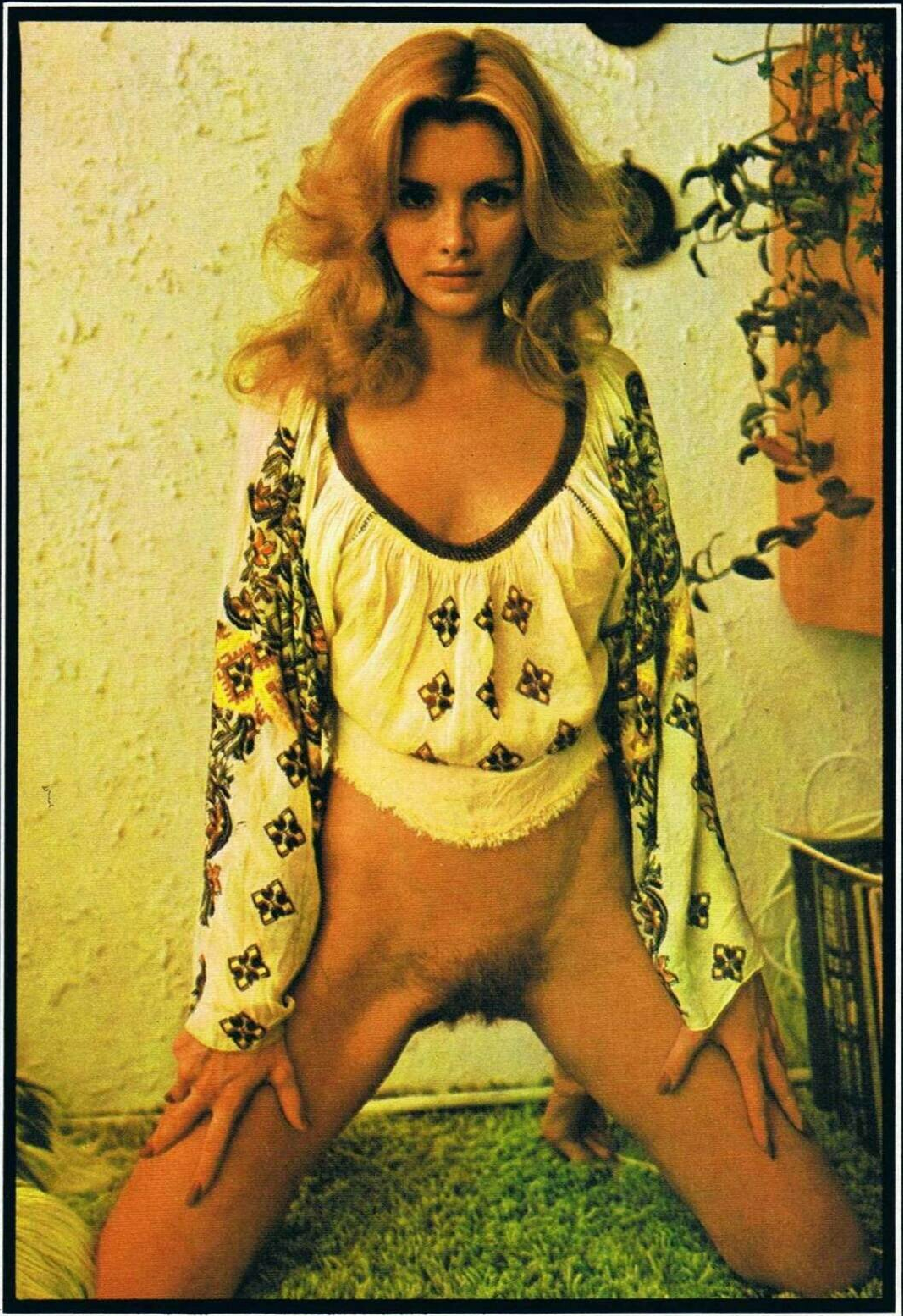
Quest: And it led to sex?

Programmer: Before I had time to recover he was on the bed and had taken off his trunks and was clambering on top of me. I tried to say 'no' and I held out for a minute or so, but he was very overpowering and persistent and under his great weight I found it difficult to move and when I felt his great monster nuzzling between my thighs I was wanting it so very badly and as I looked into his face I could see that he didn't just look at me as another conquest – that's what I told myself at the time. And remember too that I had already been brought to orgasm and was terribly warm, satiated and vulnerable. And God, I thought, as I felt this searing, hurting, beautiful pain as he edged his thing just into me. And I don't know why but I found myself wriggling forward to take it. And it was all happening and out of instinct, I suppose, I just grabbed hold of him tight and brought my legs up over his back and held on as tight as I could, nearly dying with every thrust and finally I was there again and was utterly spent and I just started moaning and shaking my head from side to side. He kept going – I couldn't have been very good for him – and I felt him really hug me and he was still, his penis pumping and pumping.

Quest: It worries me that you didn't take precautions, as is so often the case with first-time sex.

Programmer: I know. When I think of it now I realise just how silly I was, but I'd never planned it to happen like that. I was just the right time of the month.

Quest: Thank you.

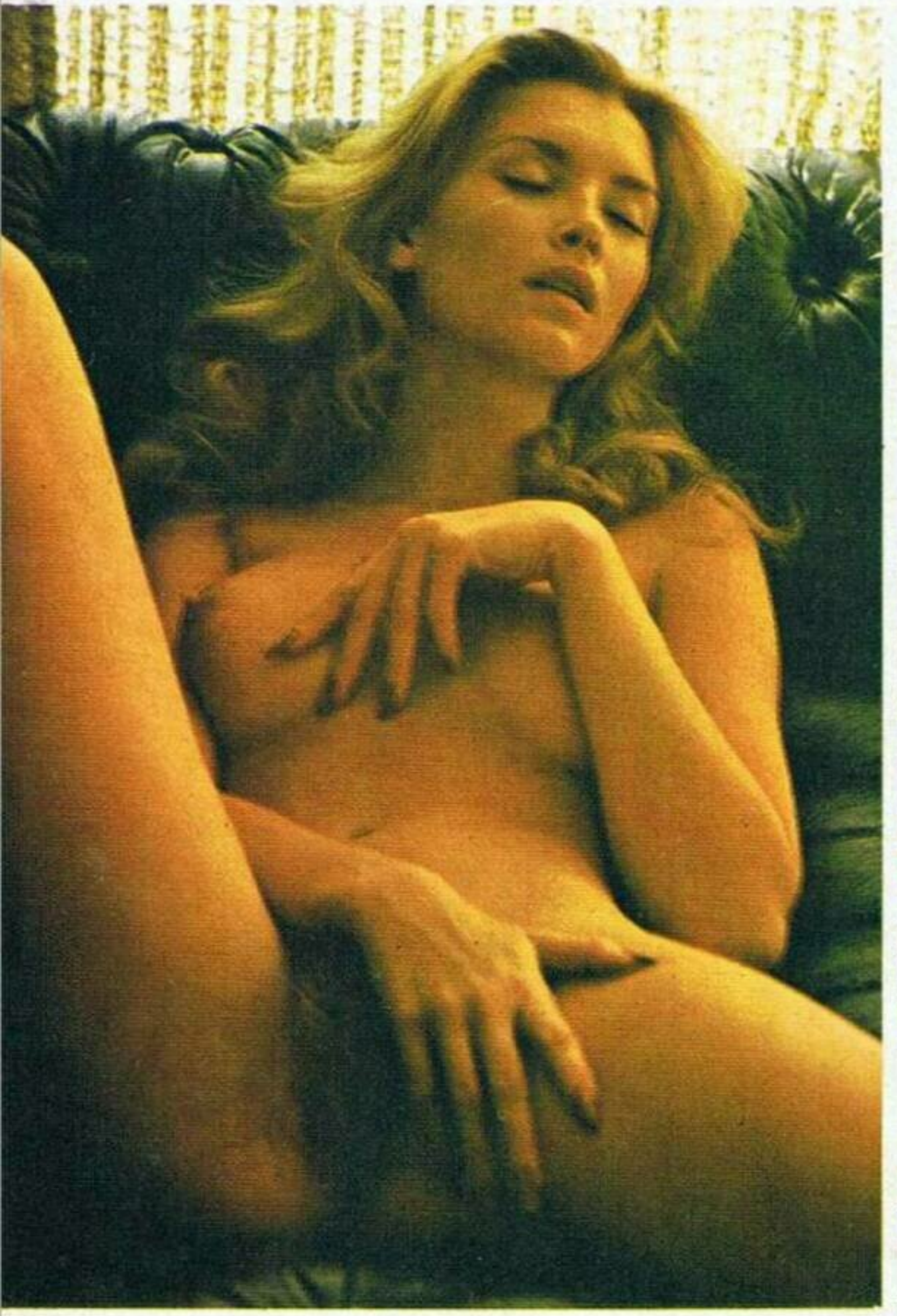


CHRISTINE

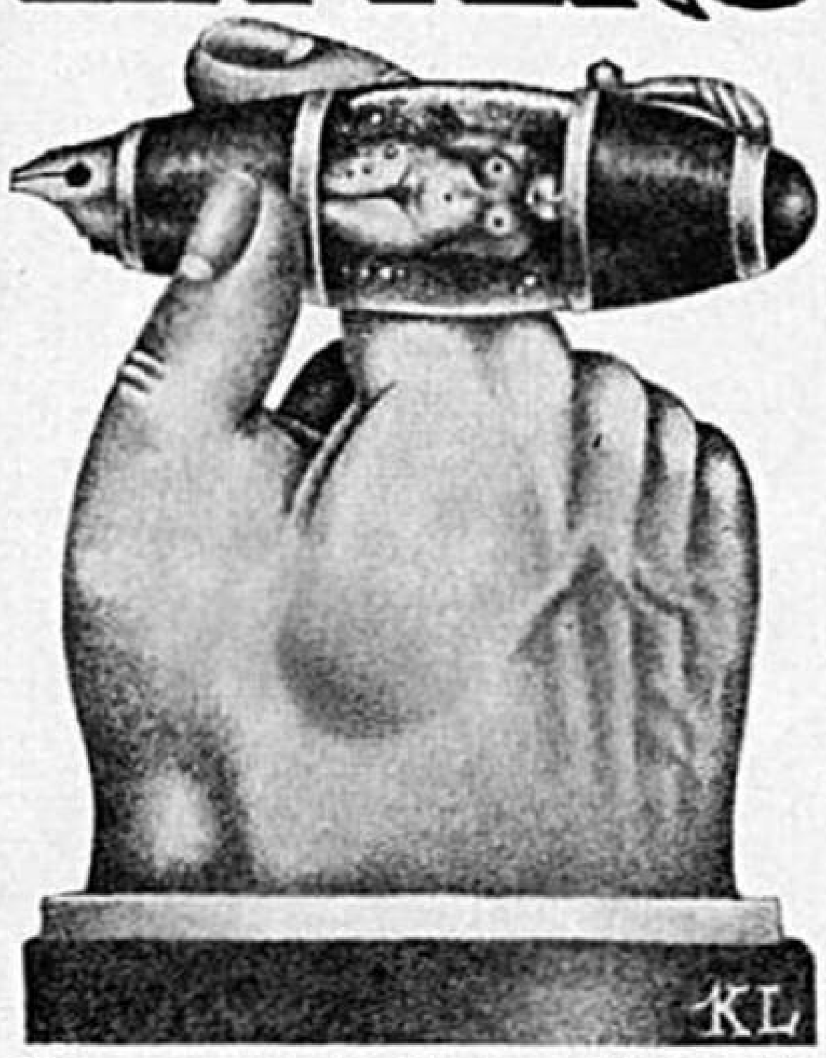
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHRISTER FLODQVIST

If you want to make a lasting impression on a stunning blonde suggest a weekend of rapine, loot and pillage to Christine Burke. 'Perhaps we might pedal a bit soft on the rapine,' considers this 35–23–35 inch Durham-born dolly. 'In fact I'd be quite happy to settle for a couple of helmets with horns attached and a breezy sail in a longship.' For 21-year-old Christine, should the gold coin not have dropped, is a Viking freak, and has been since first seeing the film of that name on television. 'I didn't go much for the violence,' she says. 'But that was really only one side of the picture. I love the life style; very tough but very noble as well. Keeping your good name was all that mattered. And the mythology and the art is fascinating – some of it could almost be modern. Did you know the Vikings set up kingdoms as far south as Sicily, and William the Conqueror was descended from Northmen who settled in France?' Christine's interest was fuelled by a long-lasting but past liaison with a graduate boyfriend. 'I even missed out on my "O" Levels

as I was moving at the time, though I've always regretted it. So I was terribly flattered when he asked me out. He was an Old English expert – I got all the old stories from *Beowulf* to *The Battle of Maldon.* Actually he even looked like a Viking.' Despite her liking for the exploits of brawny Scandinavians, Christine's biggest turn-on, she insists, is 'intelligence. I don't go for a particular type – all my boyfriends have been very different to look at. But they've all been clever. People like that always seem more vulnerable – especially about my own age – which I think is lovely. But once you've convinced them you really are interested, then they're much more ingenious about having a nice time than most other men!'



LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*
Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Your Fieldvole cartoon in the bumper December issue was very funny – remember: 'I'm just taking spot for a walk.' A short time after seeing it I found another such gem in *The Guardian's* report of a Queen's Park Rangers versus Liverpool football match. It went something like this: Stan Bowles wriggled his way through twenty yards of red shirts, dribbled and picked his spot.
C M, Harrow-on-the-Hill

Another unfortunate turn of phrase occurred in one paper we know when in a football report one player 'shat over the bar'.

Those railway engines (Vol 11 No 12), aren't they glorious? I'm not a railways buff, but the artist's love for his subject certainly comes through.
Kenneth Dowd's 'Nightlife' column I find very enlightening, particularly the December one, referring to the hotel/motel scene and his references to the United States. A friend of mine, recently back from the US relates the following story: Having tied up his business commitments rather sooner than expected he decided to spend the afternoon at one of the 'accommodation' hotels mentioned in the article. Everything was laid on, even a Polaroid camera, and while awaiting the arrival of his chosen 'room service' girl he doodled with the buttons of the television set, and found that by pressing a red button he was treated to a closed-circuit blue movie. The girl arrived and soon made it clear that she was a very willing partner. No sooner had the scene got under way when a knock at the door heralded another girl bearing drinks, and who readily joined in the fun and games. They behaved, so says my friend, 'like two well-oiled eels.' Relaxing afterwards they lit up and sat on the end of the bed together and switched on the television, selecting the red button again – and were just in time to catch a glimpse on the screen of the three of them sitting in the raw watching TV, before the programme changed and a blue-movie replaced the live show they had been giving.
F G L, London W14

I am a 25 years old housewife with a loving husband. I work in a local cinema mornings and I lead an ordinary life though I must admit that I love being admired by men and even regard myself as a prick-teaser. Recently we had three men in to re-carpet the cinema and for a fortnight, with the cinema closed, the usual antics took place, what with getting asked out on dates and having my behind pinched, not to mention getting them all steamed up by wearing mini-skirts.
On the last day when they had finished they asked me to go for a drink and so I found myself enjoying the company of three handsome guys. At 2.30 we headed back to the cinema with a bottle of vodka. One of them, Ray, had likings for me and after we'd had a few drinks the other two, Syd and Larry, said they were going for a walk. It didn't take long for Ray to decide his hands should be inside, not outside, my blouse. The odds were against me: husband visiting mother, sexually aroused with too much vodka, and a man whom I would never see again trying his best on me.
No sooner had I agreed than he had stripped me and as he shed his clothes I remember thinking that my husband, at nine inches erect, was well-endowed but he couldn't hold a candle to this fellow. Wow. And he knew how to use it and his hands, too. We were in the staff room on the floor performing for about an hour when the door opened and in walked Syd and Larry, grinning from ear to ear. I turned to Ray but he was grinning too and said that the furthest they'd been was to the window outside. For two weeks he said I'd had my fun, flashing my knickers and having my boobs hanging out when they were around, now it was their turn. As soon as the other two stripped I knew I was too aroused to stop them and for two hours those guys really went to town on me and I was enjoying every minute of it. All this happened about six weeks ago and all I know is that I wish the patrons would hurry up and wear out the new carpet.
Mrs A L (address withheld)

I am a regular reader of *Mayfair* and certainly enjoy it. However I have a few suggestions to make concerning girls' knickers. Firstly, why not keep to that term throughout your magazine as I thing the word 'knickers' is far more sexy than alternatives like panties, pants, drawers or bloomers? Secondly, when you do refer to knickers I find it very helpful to know their colour, and the material they are made of.
A Jackson, Lancaster

Three cheers for Wendy Paul (Vol 11 No 11) and her toe-touching pose. Mr Michael Bramman must have let her into the secret that a girl wearing only high-heeled shoes looks a picture standing with feet together, legs straight and head touching her knees. I am sure that all our *Mayfair* lovelies are bursting with personality and are eager to show it in their shining eyes and faces. But there is a time for everything. There's a time for beauty to hide its head, when it's better to present the seat of its femininity uppermost. The pose takes practice. Let a girl grasp her high

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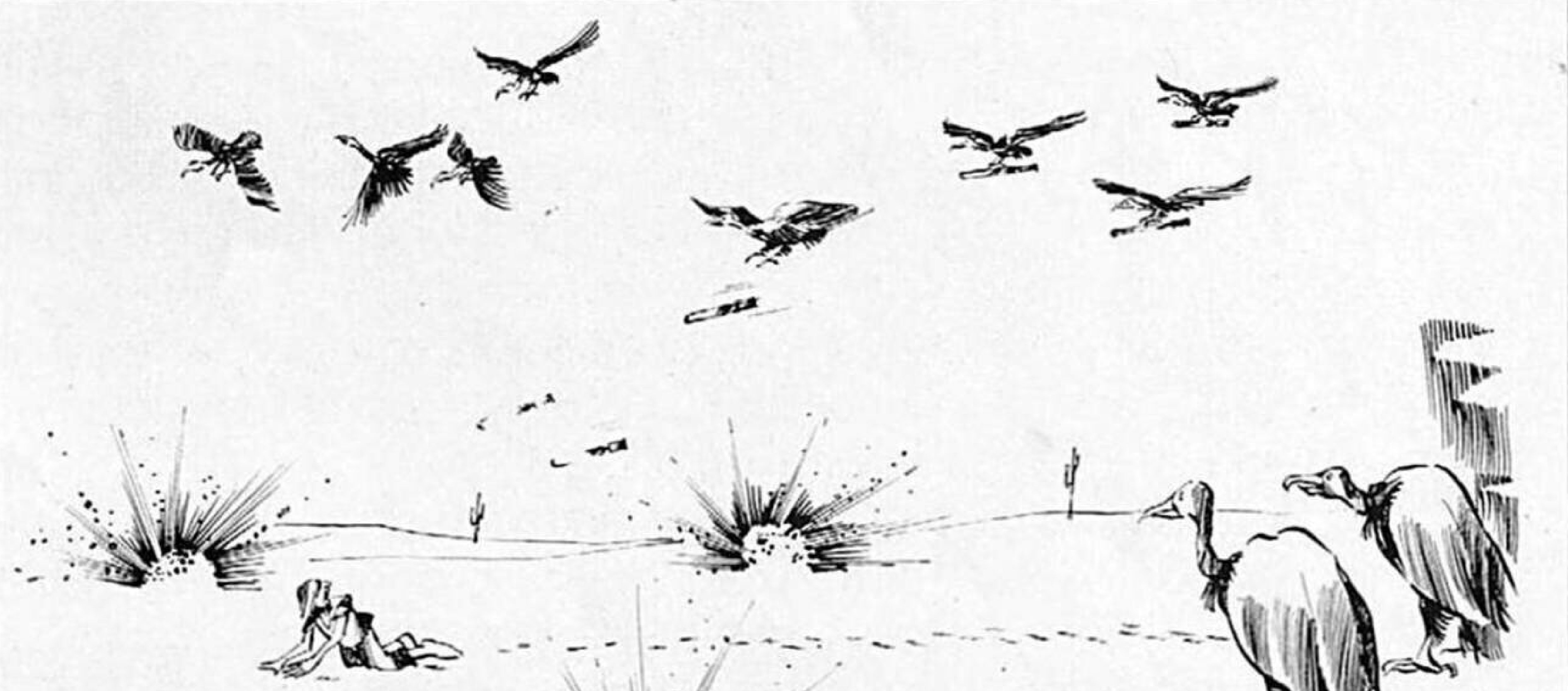

'It's hardly sporting, of course, but it certainly beats all that hovering about overhead waiting for them to pop off.'

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heels and pull gently, relax, pull gently. With each pull she balances carefully, tucks her head in and stretches her legs. After a minute or so she will be ready to offer the camera some saucy exposure.

I hope that the Wendy Paul picture will be only the first in a series of similar studies. Perhaps your photographers will oblige us by working from a little left of centre rather than right of centre. Then it would remain for the editor to let us have some full-page prints.

J E, Abingdon, Oxon

I've often considered writing to your letters' columns about an experience I had some time ago, but recently it has been repeated several times and I just have to tell you. As I'm in the forces I usually go home on leaves quite often. It started a little over a year ago. I was at home and no one else was in, so I decided to call a friend of mine who lived in a nearby town. I dialled the number and an unrecognised female voice answered. Thinking that perhaps he had a new girlfriend, I asked if my friend was in, but she told me that I must have the wrong number, and the conversation was about to end, so I thought. However, she carried on chatting, quite a sexy voice too, and after about ten minutes she asked me what I was wearing. What transpired in that conversation I'll never forget. She asked me if I was getting an erection while speaking to her, and as it happened I was; she told me to start massaging myself and that she'd do the same. In the midst of all this she was saying some incredible obscenities down the phone and they were turning me on. After finally climaxing I just couldn't believe what had happened. She asked me to phone her again the next morning. She gave me her number but wouldn't tell me her address. Well, the next three mornings were the same and, unfortunately, after that I had to go back to camp. I never contacted her again – lost the phone number – but that episode had a lasting effect on me.

Now whenever I'm home and alone I get on the phone and dial any number and if a woman answers I ask them if they want a chat, as I'm alone and bored. My failure rate is high I must admit, but now and again I get a woman who is not only eager for a really sexy conversation but for a good old screw too – but that aspect I've never followed-up. Some have said 'Oh, is this an obscene 'phone call? I've never had one before,' or in so many words. I find it stimulating that the woman I speak to is a complete stranger to me. I don't think that it's a fetish, but it's bloody exciting. I would say that in all the calls I've made, there's been about ten incredible situations. I wonder if any other readers have experienced a sexy phone call? It would be interesting reading.

S B (address withheld)

We all know and have heard of sexy phone calls but we feel it interesting to learn of the human story behind them.

Don't despair over the Royal Air Force's attitude to *Mayfair* in your research for the squadron crests for the Peter Maddocks colour cartoons in December. No squadron likes the mickey taken out of them, especially by other squadrons. And God help anyone outside the service who does it. I, myself, thought they were funny, but I'm not on a squadron. We erks do have a sense of humour, contrary to belief.

(Name supplied) RAFC, Cranwell.

We recently held a memorial service at the village church of Down Ampney where 271 Squadron was stationed during the last war.

One of our party brought with

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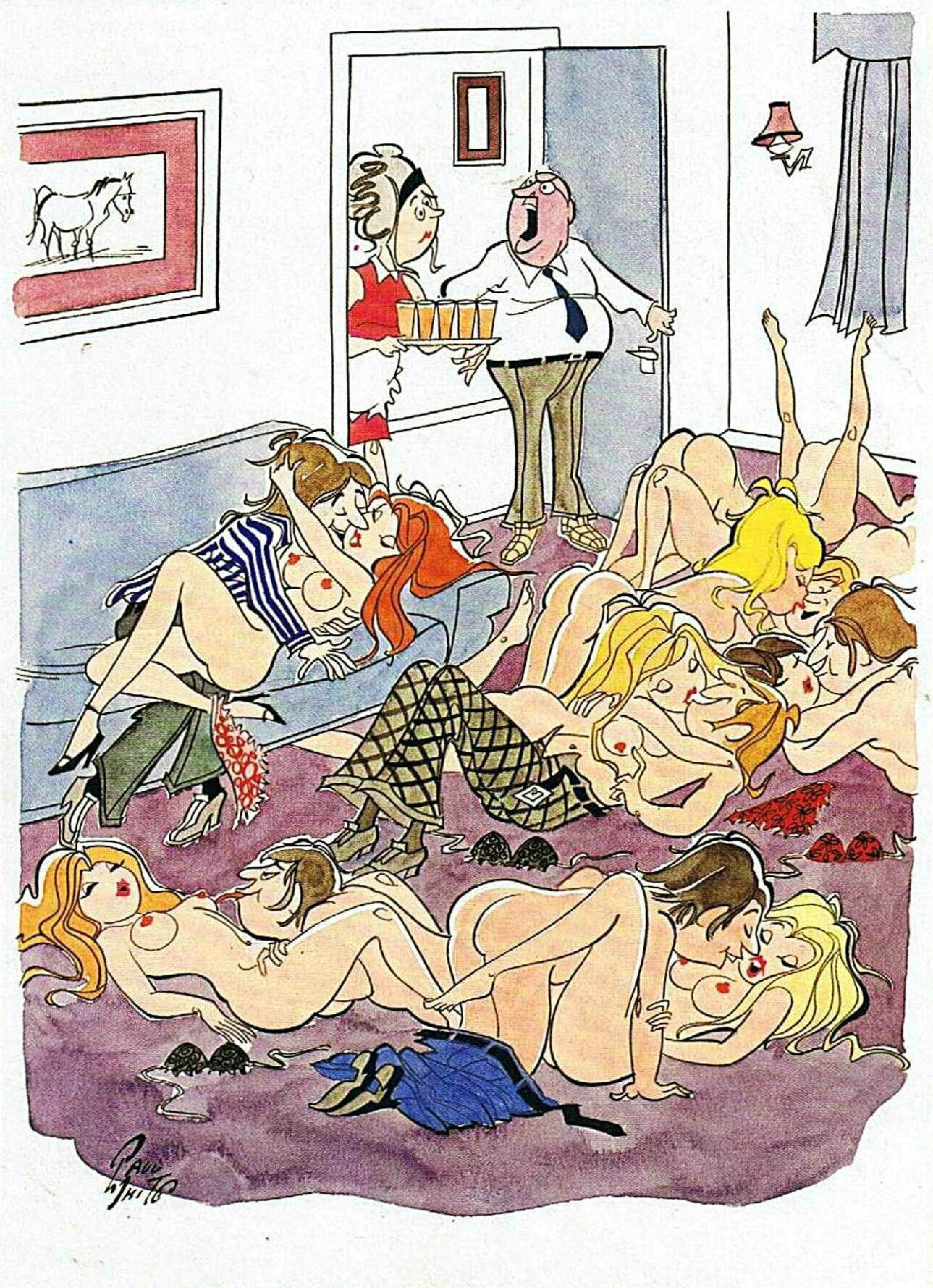

'Never mind their cold drinks, fetch me the garden hose.'

LETTERS

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him *Mayfair* Vol 11 No 9; we were most pleased to see your article, particularly in such graphic detail, of David Lord's effort in winning the Victoria Cross. It is of particular interest to me as during the war I was a flight mechanic with No 271 squadron based at Down Ampney. When I visited the old base in 1971 I noticed that the airfield had almost disappeared under grass and weeds and that unless some permanent reminder was introduced, the efforts of the men and women of the RAF, the Airborne Forces and the Air Despatch Corps, who served there would soon be forgotten. My visit coincided with a function to raise money for the repair of the parish church, and as a result it fostered an idea for a stained glass window depicting No 271 Squadron badge and a Dakota – an appropriate and permanent memorial. After much support from ex-personnel the window, the design of which was slightly altered to record the part played by the airborne forces and the fact that the only VC to be won in Transport Command was won by Flt Lt D S A Lord, was dedicated by the Bishop of Gloucester on June 9th, 1974. The dedication service was attended by about 650 people who were stationed at or flew from Down Ampney, including two Air Vice Marshals and two Generals.

Since the dedication, we have met and held memorial services every Arnhem anniversary. We are still hopeful of adding to our numbers so if any of your readers flew from Down Ampney in 271 or 48 Squadrons, RAF Transport Command, or served with Airborne Forces, Air Despatch, or SHQ, I would be pleased to hear from them. We also had a large group of Air Ambulance nurses from the WAAF stationed at Down Ampney during the war.

Since the dedication we have installed a carillon which has enabled the bells to ring again in this circa 1265 church, after a silence of 13 years.

Alan Hartley, 19 Staverton Close, Mount Nod, Coventry

I beg the indulgence of *Mayfair* readers in the hope that they may be able to help me. I am the business manager and managing editor of Cross and Cockade, the Society of World War One Aero Historians, and I am anxious to trace a collection of the works of Raphael Kirchner, during the period 1914–1918. Kirchner was responsible for many of the glamour poses in the French magazine *La Vie Parisienne* and also of a series of postcards with similar subjects during that period.

The basic reason behind my research is that one of my older friends was a pilot during the period and named his aeroplane after one of the drawings – Miss Greencap. I have quite a lot of information on the markings of the 'plane and also regarding the man who flew it. I would like to put together an article on the subject for this society's journal.

Paul S Leaman, 31 Holly Road, Cove, Farnboroough, Hants, GU14 0EA

A letter in a recent issue concerning a brief but sexy interlude between a young boy and a young married woman, really intrigued me. As a person of the latter category I often wish I had the nerve to 'initiate' a young teenager. Since my marriage, ten years ago, I have had a few rather improper proposals from youngsters, a number of them dishy looking boys of about sixteen. On one occasion I was getting my little girl off the school bus when a gang of young, strapping lads, surrounded us on the platform. Suddenly, I felt a hot hand under my skirt. I couldn't turn quickly to face the culprit and he had his pinch and resumed his innocent face in the crowd. That night, as I took off my tights and girdle my husband noticed the bruise, right at the top of the thigh under my left buttock. He didn't believe me when I told him it had happened with me being in collision with a door knob. On another occasion, I was returning in the dark from my part-time job when a young voice called from behind me, 'Hey, love.' I ignored it, as the tone bothered me: it was low and furtive. He drew level. It was obvious he was no more than fifteen. Then I was treated to it: I'd got a 'luvly pair o' tits – luvly pair o' legs.' He said he fancied going up an entry with me. I gently brushed him off with a brand new loo brush around the ear. The final incident happened recently when a kid of fourteen came and sat beside me at the bus stop seat. I had my latest toddler in his pushchair and, as I was alone, the lad offered to fold the chair when the bus came.

He knelt in front of me as I stood up and seemed to have difficulty with the pram. I was holding the baby and my shopping bags and attempted to assist the kid by pressing a catch with my toe. The cheeky nipper ran his hand up my leg from ankle to thigh and breathed 'lovely leg there missus.' I couldn't do anything but say 'cheeky beggar'. He grinned and folded the push chair and then I noticed a considerable lump behind his flies. The bus didn't arrive for a few minutes and in that time I had a chance to cool down and talk to the precocious youth. In fact our talk became so steamy that I think the kid was nearly too close to orgasm to notice that the bus had arrived. As I went to get on the platform he pressed close behind me and ran his finger down the cleft of my bottom. We went upstairs and the kid sat on the inner seat, right at the back. The young Romeo started fondling my legs again and in the end I had to say 'Oh for God's sake, relieve yourself and cool down.' But

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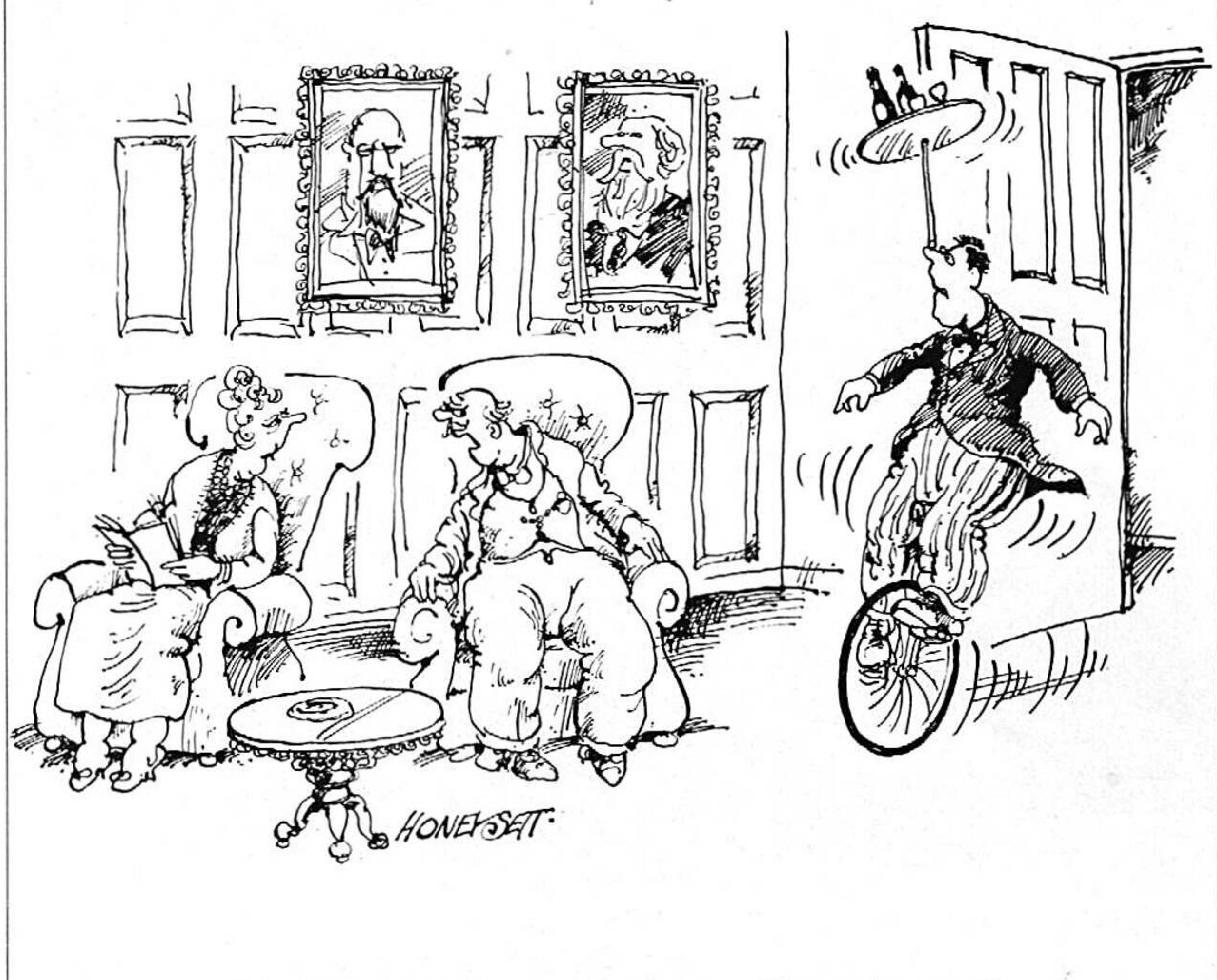

'What's the betting he wants this evening off to see the circus?'

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at the same instant a blissful look crossed his face. I presumed he'd come.
Lucy B, Bolton, Lancs

Please feature more girls like Victoria Symonds (Vol 11 No 10). The answer to her worries over being small chested is that most men have been conditioned into believing that big is beautiful. It isn't. I am a firm believer that small is beautiful and in the case of women, small is extremely sexy. So, Victoria, don't be too downhearted as I am sure that by now she must have many admirers like myself.
V J Lakins, Hotel Scheuble, Zürich, Switzerland

My wife and I are both in our early thirties. We have two fine children and enjoy a fairly happy marriage of ten years standing. Only one problem clouds our happiness and that is a fetish I can not break. It is this: when I make love to my wife I like her to wear a tight, knee-length skirt, preferably black, which has a split at the side, running up to mid-thigh. Such skirts were fashionable in the middle fifties along with sheer nylons with black seams, which I also ask my wife to wear. This she does with good grace although she says it does nothing for her. My desire stems from my early teens when I was with my parents in Germany where my father was a serving soldier. The camp where we lived had very extensive married quarters and private lettings nearby. Social activities for the wives consisted mostly of bingo and the occasional 'ladies night' at the various messes, so many of the younger women got together to go out on hen parties to the clubs in town, leaving the children with baby-sitters, of which I was one. Many of the husbands were either away on courses for days or weeks, or sometimes even posted to distant stations and had to wait for accommodation for their families, which meant fairly long separations.

I minded the children of an attractive wife in her late twenties, whose husband was then posted to the Middle East. One night she came back to the flat at about eleven o'clock, mildly inebriated, and found me asleep on the settee in front of the television.

She woke me with a beer flavoured kiss, full on my mouth, and asked if I'd like some coffee. I struggled up and accepted and as my mind cleared the realisation of the kiss gave me randy feelings.

When the woman sat down, I was very aware of her legs, crossed at the knee, showing through her tight, split-sided skirt. As we drank our coffee the direction of my gaze became apparent to my hostess and she started to tease me. 'Now, now, naughty boy,' she giggled, still slightly tipsy, 'who's looking at my knees then?' I felt like telling her that it was her plump thighs and bottom I was admiring but I hadn't the nerve.

As she got up from the chair I couldn't help but notice her shapely calves sheathed in black seamed stockings, and I began to rub myself through my trousers. I kept it up until she returned and when she noticed she said 'Get it out then – Let's have a look.'

I fumbled with my flies and produced my ramrod for her personal viewing. She didn't touch me in any way but we discussed how I played with myself and I was surprised when she told me women did it too. She asked what it was about her legs which made me excited. Funnily enough, I couldn't really explain. 'Would you like to look at them?' My cheeks were on fire. I couldn't speak properly and nodded my delight. She put the catch on the door leading to the kids' room, then as I gasped she removed her skirt and slip. The woman's thigh-flesh was creamy smooth. Her tautly-suspended nylons bit into the tops of her luscious legs. Then as I goggled, she slowly took

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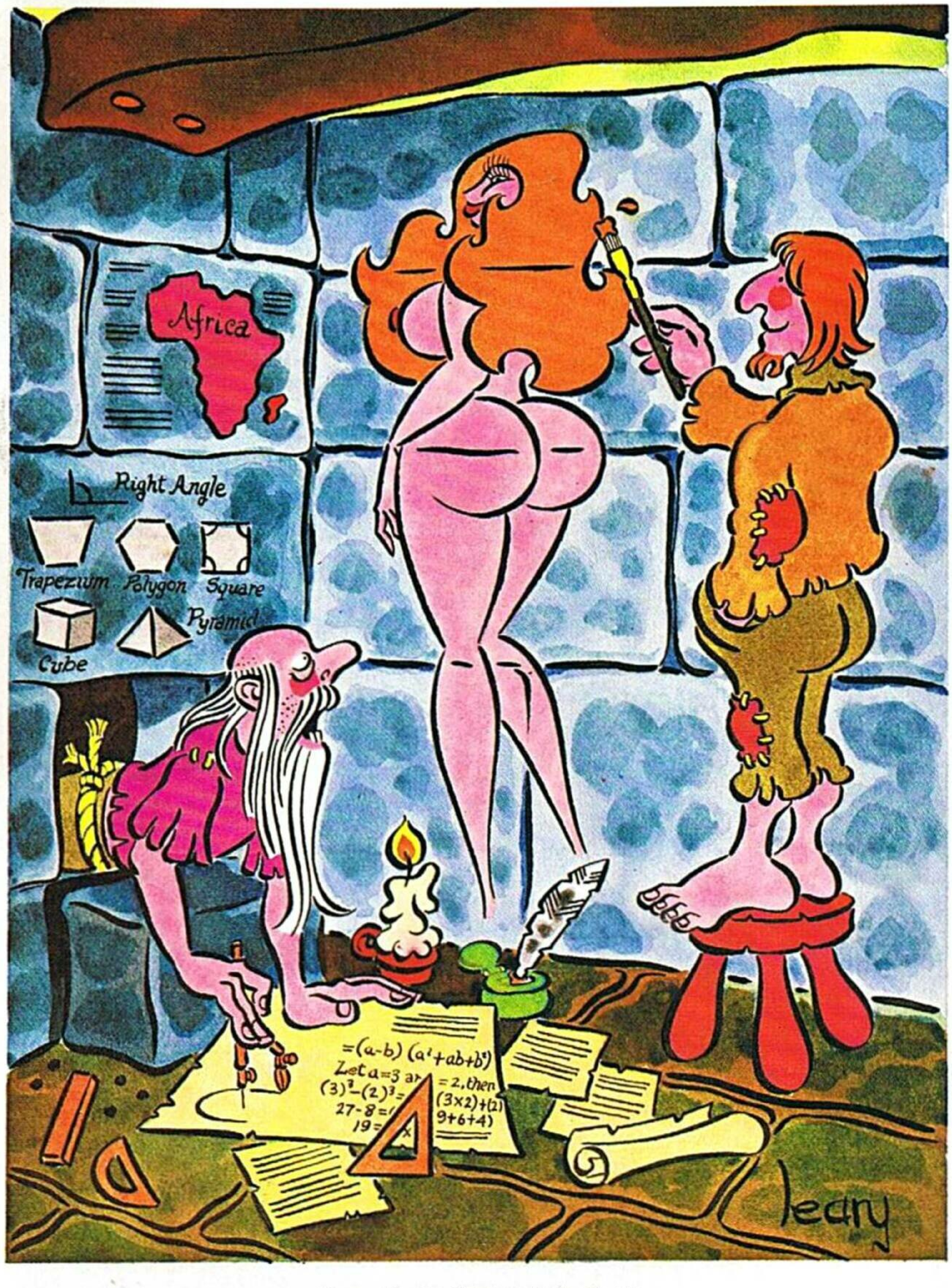

'I say Monte Cristo, what's that?'

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down her knickers. 'I won't tell my husband if you don't tell your mum,' she whispered. She told me to lie on the hearth rug and shaking like a leaf, I complied. She knelt astride my thighs and slid her two forefingers into herself to open it for me. 'Go on, in there' she told me. I put the head of my penis to her lips and pushed. That first time sensation is still with me, 17 years later. The following evening I was around again begging for it but she wasn't in the mood, or any other time after.
F R (Address withheld)

I've lived in Israel six years now and have been buying *Mayfair* occasionally along with some of your competitors here. My reactions to almost all the girls featured is usually the same: 'cute and/or pretty, sexy chicks but short on personality and nary a woman between them, with faces which don't say "I know what life is all about. I lived."' Probably this is not surprising as most of the girls shown in these magazines are very young. Therefore I was surprised – pleasantly – by your photos of Sue by Siwer Ohlsson in Vol 11 No 9. Ever since I was a teenager – and that goes back more years than I really care to remember – it became a hobby of mine to 'read' faces and I think it is at least partly responsible for the fact that I'm still around.
Here is a woman who has lived and knows about life. Her face is not what you could call delicate but she has sensitivity and the kind of face which shows that she has had her share – or more – of pain and disappointments which is the lot of everybody but the very fortunate. I doubt that she has had an easy life. I think what Henry Miller said in *Capricorn* would be true for her: 'My adventures were always thrust upon me, always endured rather than undertaken.' But this is exactly what makes her the kind of woman who could and would be loyal to her man – if the man would deserve it. I wish her everything she wishes for herself.
E F, Kiryat Segal, Israel

I am writing to express my agreement with your correspondent J G (Vol 11 No 9). I, too, feel that *Mayfair's* approach to the photographing of girls is right – the pictures are revealing but, in contrast to some of your rivals, there is nothing crude or coarse about them. I also like the way they are able to express their personalities through the stories you print about them. Incidentally may I compliment you on your excellent 'mechanical' articles, on steam trains, canal boats, etc.
Turning from the general to the particular I must congratulate you on the superlative Lynne Davidson (Vol 11 No 10). She has just about the finest pair of breasts I have ever had the pleasure of seeing in your magazine. Other girls who have appealed very much to me over the past year are Carol Challoner, Vanessa Harding, Samantha Thompson and Paul Spratt.
P S, Newbury, Berks

I am, unashamedly, a fishnet fetishist and I *hope* that one day there will be a resurgence of those fascinating stockings. My own mania stems from the time when I was a student at a midlands university. In those days I was in digs with several people but finished up with a couple who, I later found out, had sex problems.
The wife was about 36 and the husband about 42; at that stage, I was 19 and although not innocent I hadn't had much sex. One day when I was helping the husband to repair his car, he suggested that I might like to join in a sex trio with him and his wife. Although I fancied the idea I was quite surprised by the offer of his wife, but trying to keep it humorous, I inferred my willingness.
He practically dragged me inside the house to see his wife. Telling her that I wanted sex with her he started a storm, as at first she obviously was not in the same mind. 'We've been married sixteen years,' she said, 'and for the past five he's pestered me to have relations with another man and to let him watch. I'm sick with it. It's all he can think about.'
The row lasted for an hour or so and in the end she reluctantly agreed. The children came home from school, we had tea and the evening seemed to take ages going by. I sat next to the husband watching the television but

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not interested in it, waiting for bed-time. His wife sat by the fire, knitting, the glow from the embers of coal cast a shine on her well-rounded, nylon-sheathed legs.

The children said their good-nights to their mother and they disappeared upstairs. The three of us then went up to the bedroom and the husband closed and bolted the door. 'What do you want me to take off?' asked the wife. 'The lot,' said her husband, who was sitting in a chair by the bed, his trousers undone and his erect penis in hand. The wife stripped-off but without enthusiasm – she wore a corset and she undid the hooks with slow deliberation. I undressed and found it difficult to contain my enthusiasm when the woman took down her knickers and I was confronted with her magnificent bare bottom. Unable to resist any longer I started to rod her between the buttocks but she made me stop. 'Put your sexy underwear on,' her husband told her. She drew a box out from under the bed and with very bad grace pulled out a wispy black suspender belt and then the lovely black fishnet stockings, and while she fastened them I felt her warm, fat thighs. 'I suppose you want me with my high heels on as well,' she said and I could only nod. My face felt ablaze. She put on a pair of high heels, backless mules, and sat on the bed, knees together, ankles crossed. Her huge brown-nippled tits were bare. 'Take me,' she hissed, 'give my husband his second-hand thrill.'

All restraint gone I thrust the woman onto the bed and spread her legs and fighting for control I pushed into her. Pure silkiness. I just enjoyed myself and the woman, unsmilingly, allowed me to fully satiate myself on her. She was the only woman I know whose breasts still stood up when she was on her back, but it was very enjoyable for me being able to bury my head between them. I glanced at her husband who had brought himself off and had slumped contentedly in his chair. I came again, and later a third time.

However it was the only time I ever had sex with her for not long after I was ordered to leave the house. Although I'm married myself now I still think of that woman, all bottom and fishnet-stockinged-legs, lying on the bed, just waiting for me.

G T, Keighley, Yorks

Since you published pictures of the delectable Barbara Kingsland (Vol 8 No 9) and a subsequent letter extolling her beauty and the merits of women cigar smokers I have looked forward to more pictures of young ladies savouring the once male-only pleasures of Havana cigars. Alas my three years seems to have been in vain.

Is *Mayfair* to be left behind in this aspect of sexuality, now that it is socially acceptable for a woman to smoke a cigar in public – which must be one good thing to come out of equal rights for women?

John Osborne was right about women who smoke cigars. To me the addition of a large Havana to a young lady's accessories can only add to her beauty and sexual attraction. How about a competition to find Britain's sexiest cigar smoker?

D B, Liverpool

You mean the girl most likely to raise Upmann . . . Anyway, D B, we thought you may appreciate a second look at Barbara (left) cigar and all.

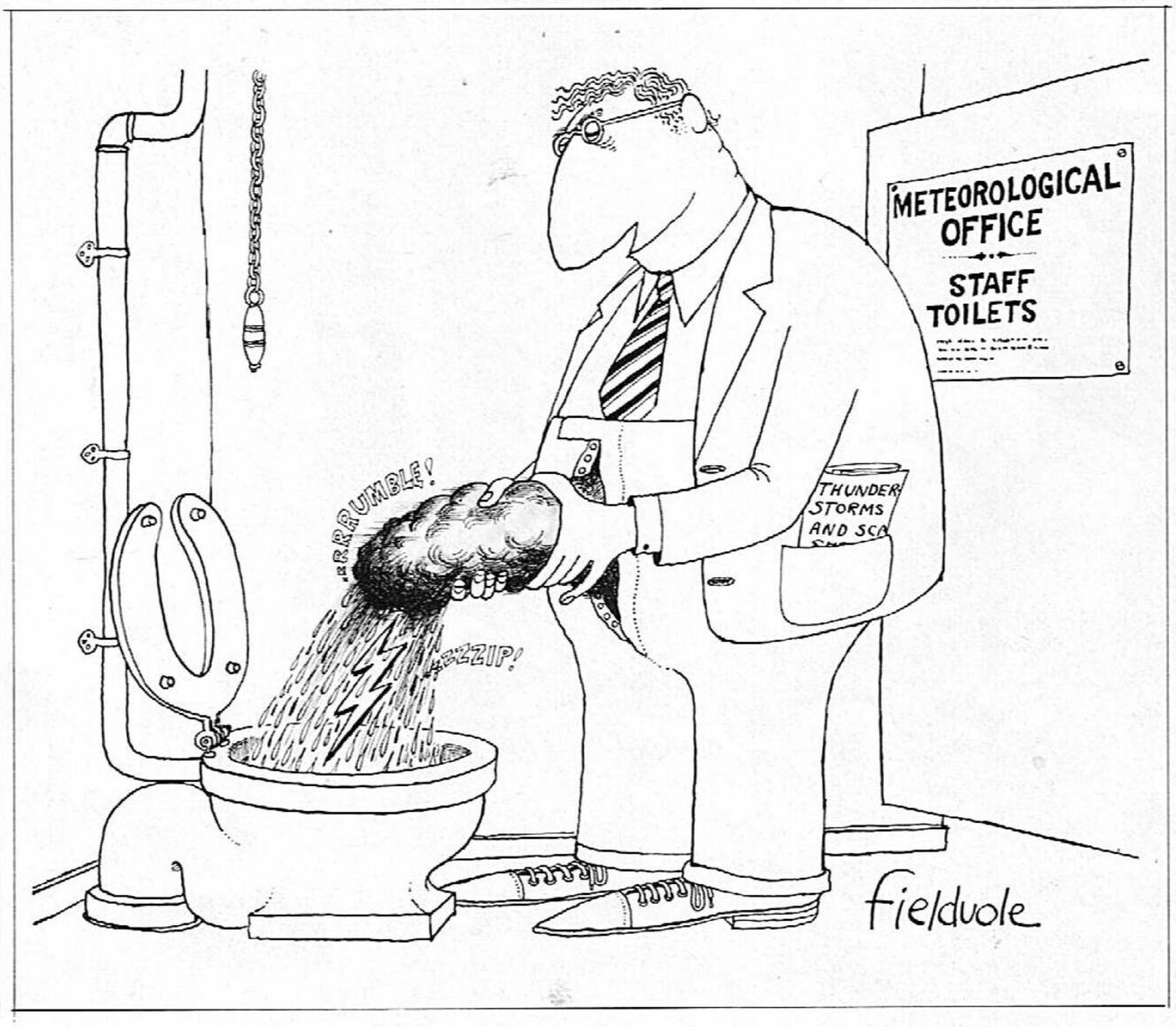
I consider your magazine excellent (sexy without being smutty) and the articles, letters and photographs of good quality. However, there is one area of the female anatomy which gets little direct photographic exposure – that is, knees, in particular the backs or insides of knees. To me the sight of women's knees is an incredible turn-on, and when I am with my girlfriend our love-making is never complete without a passionate session of mutual knee-kissing. Do other readers enjoy this delightful fetish?

J R S, Derbyshire

I have recently taken up photography on a quite serious basis and I would like to take some pictures of my fiancée in the nude. Can you suggest where I would be able to get them processed?

D M, Richmond, Surrey

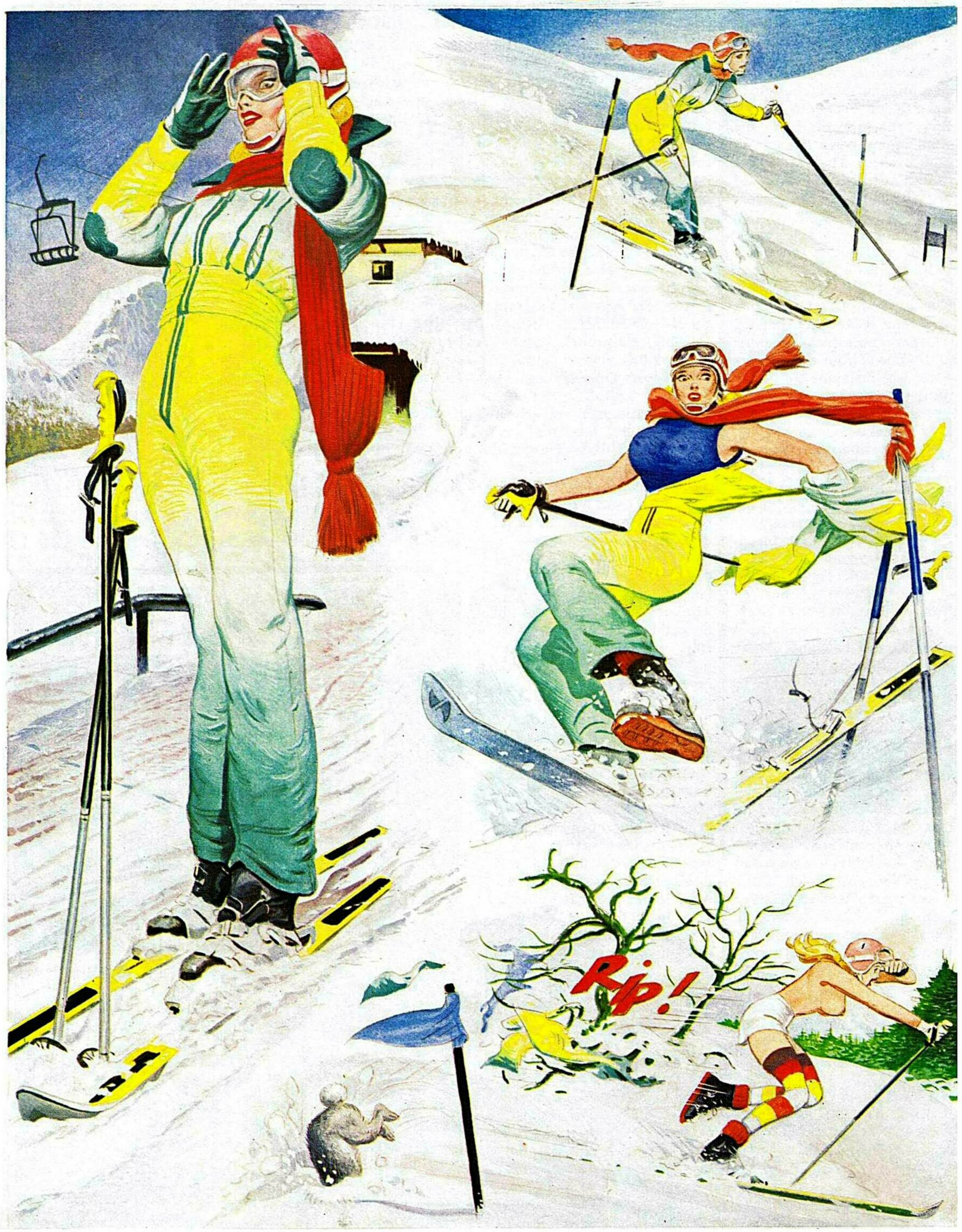
Many readers ask similar questions. Although major processing companies have to be ever-vigilant to avoid committing offences under the Obscene Publications Act and postal regulations, it should be very simple to get your nude pictures printed/processed provided they are tasteful, of artistic merit and not pornographic. Tudor Processing, who work through a variety of high street outlets from confectioners to newsagents, say that any doubtful material is submitted to their customer relations manager for a decision to print or not. No matter what that decision, negatives are always returned to their owner. Kodak treat nude transparency film as any other, and will return film processed, in cardboard mounts, and boxed, so long as it cannot be held that they are doing anything illegal.

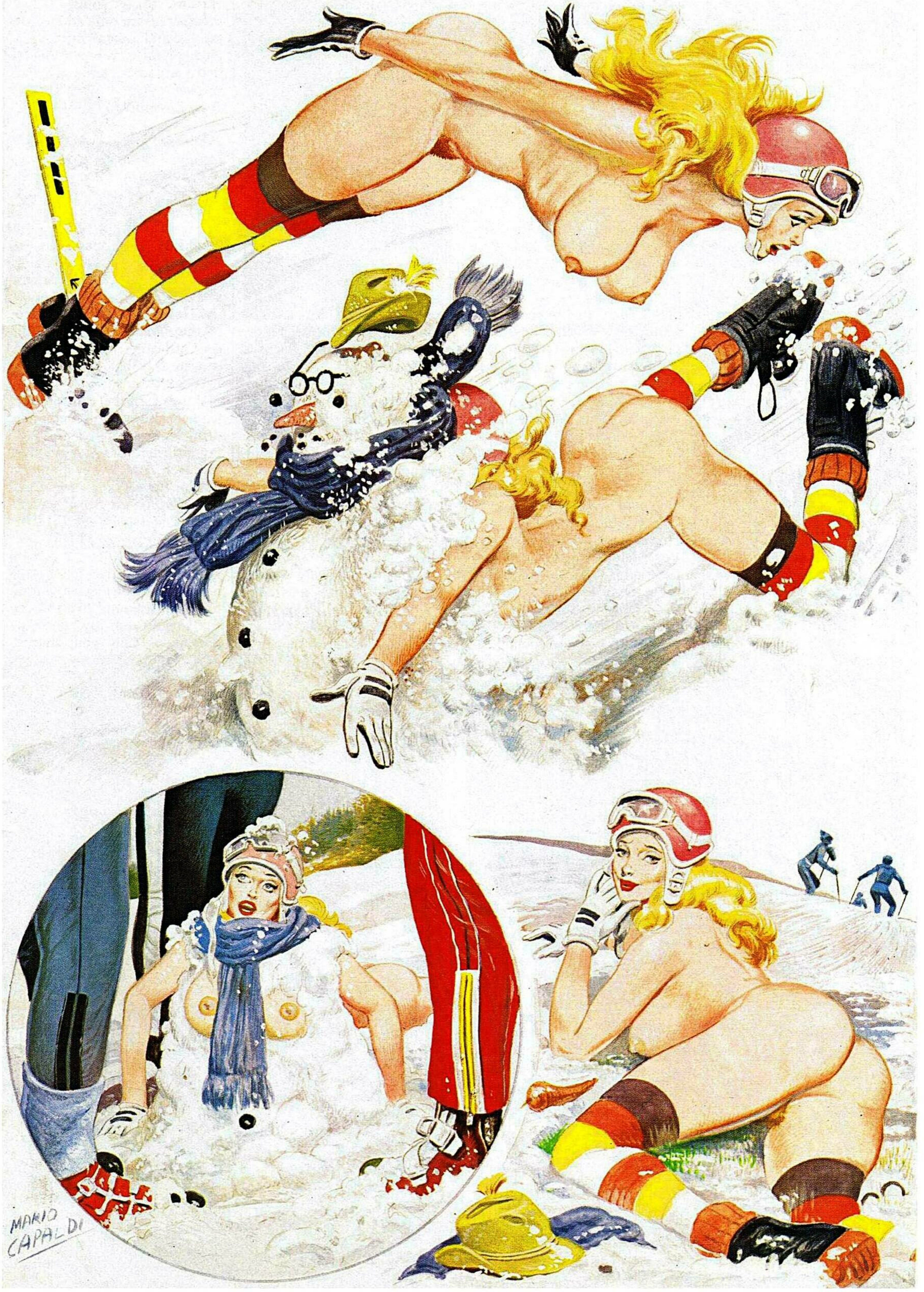


Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

CARRIE

Carrie's ski slip helps to melt the ice with her rescuers

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